Jackelope's Kinktober 2023

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Jackelope's Kinktober 2023

by jackelope

Summary

All my kinktober one-shots in one convenient place. Check the notes for each individual chapter to see what they contain.

Notes

hi :) I've decided that I'm doing Kinktober for the first time! I did not use the "official" list but it seems like literally nobody uses the official one anyway so I don't feel too bad about that lmao. I would like to credit this list and this list as I used them both for inspiration.
This is a mostly Hannigram-themed kinktober (all in one work for organizational purposes), with some special guest appearances here and there. Some of these will be short and some longer, do not expect consistency with the length. some are also totally not repurposed from unfinished fics I've had sitting around forever. I am going to try to actually keep up with this and I'm going to go insane :) but hopefully it will be a good exercise in motivation for me or smth idk

Lingerie

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Lingerie
Also Contains: Dry Humping/Grinding, Frotting

A stunning sight to come home to. Not something Hannibal had necessarily expected to see, but exciting nonetheless.

Will was giving Hannibal his best wide-eyed stare, coquettishly batting his eyelashes as he sat with his legs crossed on the end of the bed. His dark brown hair was finely combed, and he was scantily dressed, in a well-put-together ensemble that stood out from Will's typically less refined tastes.

“Good evening.” Will purred expectantly, speaking in a slight, breathy way. He sat with his chest lifted and shoulders squared, telegraphing that he was feeling quite confident and proud of himself.

Hannibal cocked his head slightly. He was a bit surprised, but certainly interested.

Will had good taste in lingerie. The warm, lacy black of his panties and stockings created a stunning contrast with his pale porcelain skin, perfectly captivating to the eyes. A high garter belt highlighted the smooth slope of his waist, gracefully flowing down to his hips and his supple thighs, decorated by the dark streaks of his garters and then cloaked by the sheer veil of his thigh-high stockings. The high heels, Hannibal assumed, were purely decorative; he doubted Will could walk steadily in them, although perhaps he had been practicing discreetly.

“Cat got your tongue?” Fluttered Will, taunting Hannibal with a playful and self-satisfied smirk.

“I hope I haven't kept you waiting long.” Hannibal hummed, intentionally refusing to acknowledge Will in the way he wanted to be acknowledged. He did acknowledge, however, that he had been a little bit late home from work – not by much, but Will certainly would've noticed those few extra minutes while he was sitting here waiting for Hannibal.

“Not too long.” Replied Will. Hannibal strode calmly over to the edge of his bed, leaning down to give Will an apologetic kiss. He knew what Will wanted, and was in no state to deny him. Besides, Hannibal had his own little surprise waiting.

As Hannibal kissed Will's plush, strawberry-red lips, he felt Will's hands toying with his tie, all too eager to start undressing him. Hannibal allowed it, letting Will slip off his tie, then push him away to unbutton his suit jacket. Hannibal sloughed it off his shoulders, taking the

reins from Will to remove his waistcoat. Will watched impatiently; although Hannibal's formal manner of dress made it a bit of an endeavor to fully undress him, Will was quite used to this process.

As Hannibal unbuttoned his undershirt, though, Will quickly realized that there was more to it than usual.

His forehead scrunched as he furrowed and then lifted his eyebrows, bemusement melting swiftly into surprise. Then, a soft chuckle issued forth from his smiling lips. Hannibal mostly disregarded him, unfastening his belt and taking off his pants.

His choices had been a little bit different from Will's; where Will had left his upper body bare, Hannibal had cinched himself tightly into a red-and-black corset, matching his slim cotton-and-lace thong. And, of course, it wasn't complete without his own pair of stockings and garter belt. His body hair, rich brown peppered with gray, peered out from the top of his corset and narrowly between his thong and his garter belt.

“Have you been wearing that under your clothes all day?” Was the first question Will asked.

“I changed before I left.” Hannibal answered, rather nonchalantly. “I wanted to surprise you.”

“Well...” Will began, giving an incredulous chuckle. “Consider me surprised, then.” He gingerly reached out his hand and ran it up and down Hannibal's corset. Amazing how well he managed to fill out the top of it.

“I don't even wanna take any of that off you.” Will panted. In fact, he wasn't even entirely sure he knew *how* to get a corset off of someone. He'd barely gotten a garter belt on himself properly.

“You don't have to.” Said Hannibal. With that, he pushed Will backwards, pinning him down on the bed. Will looked gorgeous beneath him, and Hannibal thrust his hips downwards, gently rubbing his cock, barely sheathed in his thong, against Will's. A tiny moan eked from his lips and Hannibal kissed him hard, their tongues dancing with one another for several moments before Hannibal's mouth slid over to peck the corner of Will's lips, then the side of his jaw. As he kissed, he continued to thrust back and forth slowly, getting Will used to the grinding feeling. Soon Will was thrusting up to meet him. The silky sounds of their panties sliding against each other was harmonious, music to both of their ears.

Will was starting to get hard already, and he could feel Hannibal's stiffening to match his. He moaned as Hannibal pressed down harder on him, his hands sliding along Hannibal's corset and towards his hips, cupping his ass. A little growl buffeted his ear as he did so.

His panties were straining already; his cock and balls had been snug in them while he was soft, and now that he was getting hard, he could feel his erection starting to push his panties aside. Hannibal's hand crept between them for a moment, rubbing Will gently. “See?” Hannibal murmured.”I think you can come just like this.”

Will chewed his lip. He *knew* he could come just like this. Hannibal purred and nipped at the pulse point in Will's neck while he began humping faster, causing Will to whimper from the

force of his thrusts. “Hannibal...” He groaned tightly. Hannibal didn't stop, humping him hard and rough. It felt far too good to protest.

Will rubbed the curve of Hannibal's ass before smacking him playfully. This elicited another heady growl from Hannibal. “You like that?” He panted. Will hummed his agreement, his fingers tugging at the edge of Hannibal's thong, pulling it taut between his cheeks.

Hannibal's hard cock was peeking out of his thong, stroking Will's inner thigh and rubbing clumsily alongside Will's own shaft, smearing precum over his groin. It was so fucking hot.

“Hannibal, G-God, keep...” Huffed Will. “Keep going.”

“Going to come for me soon, aren't you?” Remarked Hannibal. He sat up a little, now able to sort of grip both their filled-out cocks in his hand and stroke them through their underwear, which were barely containing either of them by now. Wet spots of precum had already formed on both of their panties. “Going to come in your pretty panties?” Hannibal insisted.

“Y-Yes...” Will answered him weakly. “Fuck, I'm close, j-just...” And then his words failed him and he fell silent, submitting to Hannibal's strokes and thrusts.

Will came first, cum soaking right through and spattering his panties, leaving glistening wet streaks that Hannibal rubbed himself hard against, coming with Will in a moment.

Cum painted both of their underwear now, leaving a sticky mess between them. When Hannibal sat up, Will could see his own cock twitching softly in his panties as the aftershocks of his orgasm spasmed through him.

“Made a mess.” Will grunted. These panties were brand new, and he'd immediately gotten them absolutely filthy. Although, he supposed the same could be said for Hannibal's underwear, which were just about as wet as Will's own.

This wasn't exactly how he'd imagined this would go. But it wasn't so bad, all things considered. Will attempted to sit up, and Hannibal quickly pushed him down, kissing and nipping the side of his neck. “Where do you think you're going?” Hannibal growled, in a delightfully dominant manner.

“We're just getting started.”

Petplay

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Petplay
Also Contains: Collars, Leashes, Handjob, Anal Fingering, Dom Hannibal/Sub Will
I have written hannigram petplay before, but I thought for kinktober I would reverse the roles and have Will be the pet instead of Hannibal. some of these also might end up getting uploaded after midnight but hey, pobody's nerfect yknow

"Good boy." Said Hannibal, swiftly carding his fingers through Will's silky brown curls. Will sat at his feet, hands between his knees, naked save for a leash and collar. He was gazing up at Hannibal with a pleading puppy-dog stare, taking great effort to look as cute and endearing as possible. Hannibal seemed to fall for his ploy, reaching down to pet Will again, at which point Will lunged and grasped Hannibal's thumb in his mouth, chewing on it gently.

"*Ah!*" Hannibal snapped at him. "Don't bite." He managed to wrestle his hand out of Will's mouth after a moment, much to Will's apparent chagrin. With a little growl, he grabbed Hannibal's pant leg in his mouth and tugged on it, as hard as he dared. "*William*." Hannibal scolded, with a yank on his leash. "Behave yourself." Will did not let go, prompting Hannibal to pull on his leash again. "*Sit*." He ordered.

Reluctantly, Will let go and sat down again. "Feeling frisky tonight, are we?" Hannibal huffed. "I don't need to muzzle you, do I?" Will looked at the floor shyly. He could've tolerated being gagged, but where one punishment came, more were likely to follow.

"Now, be good." Said Hannibal, more softly than before. Will needily nudged his head up against Hannibal's hand, silently begging to be petted again. Hannibal stroked his hair a few times before reaching back to scratch behind his ear. Will leaned into it, panting happily. "There's a good boy." Murmured Hannibal. As he withdrew his hand again, Will nudged him insistently, his desire for attention not yet satisfied.

"Sit up." Hannibal instructed. Will lifted his hands to his chest cutely. "Good boy." Hannibal praised him. "Heel." He ordered, pointing to a spot right beside him. Will shuffled over to sit at his side, rather than in front of him. Hannibal was about to praise him again, but before he could so much as open his mouth, Will leaped up and wrapped his arms around Hannibal's waist and his legs around his leg, panting softly as he humped.

"*William*!" Snapped Hannibal. He jerked Will off of him forcefully, causing Will to fall backwards with a yelp. "What has gotten into you?" Hannibal sighed, seeming to take pity on Will, who just sat there sullenly, yet again avoiding eye contact with Hannibal.

“You're not going to be able to behave yourself, are you?” Said Hannibal, sounding stiff and disappointed. Will glanced up at him, making himself as small as possible, hoping Hannibal would take pity on him. Hannibal's expression remained cold and unreadable. “Do I need to punish you?” He asked. Will crawled up to him and nuzzled his feet in supplication. Hannibal sighed softly. “Sit.” He told Will, who sat up eagerly. “Alright – there's a good boy. Now roll over.”

Will slowly laid down and rolled onto his back, spreading his legs slightly. Hannibal put on a devilish smirk. He kneeled beside Will, stroking his hair and then letting his hand pass over Will's chest and down his stomach. Hannibal caressed him softly, but to Will it felt like lightning jumping between his nerves. Hannibal continued to touch and stroke his stomach, his hand slowly traveling down further and further. Will whined, legs twitching, his hips almost canting forwards in an attempt to get Hannibal to touch his cock.

Then Hannibal's fingers brushed against the thatch of his pubic hair, causing Will to let out a needy yip. “Is this what's bothering you?” Hannibal hummed, noticing how hard Will already was. “Are you a horny little puppy?” He murmured, his hand wrapping around Will's cock and stroking him very slowly. Will only whimpered.

“I see.” Hannibal all but chuckled. “Hard to focus when you're so worked up, isn't it?” Will tried to thrust upwards in time with Hannibal's strokes, but Hannibal ordered him to lie still. Hannibal flicked his wrist in long, slow strokes, building Will up and making his desire boil inside him. His other hand kept a firm grip on Will's leash, making sure he had complete control. He continued insisting that Will stay still, which grew harder and harder by the second.

“Needy little pup.” Murmured Hannibal. “Let your master take care of you.” Will whined with every breath, hips rocking up and down without any thought. Precum began to bead on the tip of his cock, being rubbed all the way along his shaft when Hannibal stroked him. The hand holding the leash suddenly came up to Will's mouth, where he thrust two of his fingers in without any resistance. Will obediently licked his fingers, spit rolling over his lower lip as he sucked sloppily.

“Good boy.”

Hannibal pulled his fingers out of Will's mouth, leaving Will whining at the sudden loss. Still holding the leash – just in case – Hannibal moved his hand down between Will's legs. Will offered no resistance when Hannibal's fingers pressed at his hole, one slipping in and then the other. Will gritted his teeth, whining loudly. He was so close now, so close, just needed a little more.

Will wriggled impatiently, fucking into Hannibal's strokes, waiting for Hannibal to let him come. Hannibal crooked his fingers and pressed onto Will's prostate, and Will let out a yelp, suddenly on the verge of coming, his whole body burning and straining in desperation. He had to be good, he had to wait...

Hannibal smiled at the sight of Will, his pretty little pup so desperate, and still so obedient at the same time. “Alright. You've been good enough.” Hannibal whispered for him. “You can come now. You want to come for me?”

Will needed no further urging, thrusting hard into Hannibal's fist as he came suddenly, shooting all over his own stomach.

“Good boy.”

Shibari

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Shibari (Bondage)
Also Contains: N/A

I actually like this one :) Hannibal definitely strikes me as a shibari enthusiast ngl. also I had to look up literal shibari tutorials so that this made literally any sort of sense, rip my youtube recommendations

Hannibal wanted to tie him up.

Simple enough, right? Well, apparently it was a bit more complicated than that. As Will sat on the floor in front of Hannibal, on his knees and with his hands behind his back, he eyed the length of red silk rope in Hannibal's hands with apprehension.

Will cleared his throat, obviously impatient. Hannibal raised his eyebrows.

“Patience is a virtue, my dear Will.” Said Hannibal stiffly. “This is going to take a few minutes, you know.”

“Well, why don't you get started, then?” Will sniped back at him. Hannibal gave him a stern frown.

“If you'd rather not do this, then you can just say so.”

“I said just the opposite.” Will hummed, with an arrogant, shallow smile. “I'm ready to get started.” Hannibal narrowed his eyes at Will, but said nothing. Will, despite his attitude, knew very well that he was about to be at Hannibal's mercy – a thought equal parts daunting and enticing.

“I'll need you to hold still, and do exactly as I say. I'll start from the front.”

Will sat in quiet interest as Hannibal threw a rope around his neck, knotting it right between his shoulder blades. He held it there for a moment, making sure it stayed put as he created the first of many knots that would line his front.

It was interesting to watch. Hannibal worked with a level of precision and care that could only have come from practice, inspiring Will to wonder just how many times Hannibal had done this before. He didn't exactly feel restrained yet, though. His first hint of that came as Hannibal approached the bottom of his front side, forming the last loop right around his cock and balls. “This knot will sit right beneath your balls, just like this.” Said Hannibal rather

nonchalantly, as he formed the last knot exactly where he described. “That's not too uncomfortable, is it?”

“No.” Will answered promptly. Hannibal threaded the doubled-up rope between Will's legs, causing Will to let out a soft grunt as he felt the rope pull taut against his perineum and then slip between his cheeks as Hannibal pulled it up along his spine before securing it.

“You should be enjoying this.” Purred Hannibal. The rope came back around Will's front, now from both sides, threading through itself in a way that Will didn't quite follow. When it ducked behind his back again, Will felt it grow tight.

Hannibal began repeating this process, careful to keep the rope taut as he wove it back and forth beneath Will's arms (those he had other plans for, apparently). As he threaded the rope, pulling the space between each knot into a sort of diamond shape, he continued speaking. “Shibari is not simply about being bound, but rather the act of binding.” Will only grunted softly in response. Certainly, if Hannibal just wanted to restrain Will, he could've done it without all these bells and whistles.

“It is a form of art in and of itself.” Murmured Hannibal, as he formed another diamond down the center of Will's torso. “This type of chest harness is called *hishi karada. Hishi* refers to these diamond shapes.” Hannibal's fingers traced one of the diamonds for a moment, before he finished off the last one and proceeded to secure the harness behind Will's back.

“It's not too tight, is it?” Asked Hannibal, gingerly tugging the ropes to test their tightness.

“Isn't it supposed to be tight?”

“Yes.” Replied Hannibal. “But not so tight it hurts, or that it begins to cut off circulation.” Will looked over himself. He couldn't deny that the intricate fashioning of the knots was appreciable. “I'm going to tie your arms now.” Hannibal said. “I'll need a bit of cooperation for this.”

“I'm all yours.” Will joked.

“You certainly are.” Was Hannibal's response. “I'll need you to hold your arms together behind your back – like this.” He instructed, guiding Will's arms into place. He began tying from the wrists. “I want you to put some tension on this rope for me.” Hannibal requested, with all of his characteristic grace and decorum. Will did as he requested, pulling against the rope as much as he could while still allowing Hannibal to tie a ladder of knots up his arms. In only a few moments, they were more or less completely immobilized, sitting stiff behind his back. Hannibal finished with a few superfluous knots to use up the excess rope.

“There we are.” Hannibal remarked. “How do you feel?”

An interesting question. Hannibal stepped back around to stand in front of Will, looking down at him with an oddly reverent gaze.

“Vulnerable.” Murmured Will after a moment of deliberation.

Hannibal smirked. “You look beautiful.” He said, his fingers dancing along Will's jaw and down his throat. “Red complements your complexion.”

Will scoffed quietly. Hannibal continued to admire his handiwork, his fingers caressing the criss-crossing patterns of rope he had just woven across Will's body.

“So...” Grunted Will. “What do you do now that you've got me tied up?”

Hannibal leaned over, staring sharply into Will's eyes. “Whatever I please.”

Nipple Play

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Nipple Play
Also Contains: Coming Untouched/nipple orgasm, a little bit of biting

a short one for today, though rest assured this isn't the last time Hannibal's tits will be featured prominently this kinktober

Will's mouth landed delicately on the crook of Hannibal's shoulder, nipping his taut skin before soothing the bitten area with a delicate kiss. His hands were glued to Hannibal's chest, tenderly squeezing and massaging his muscular pecs. It was a delightful feeling; they were soft enough to squeeze, yet firm with muscle just beneath the surface, and Will's hands cupped them so naturally it was almost as if they belonged there.

It was one of his favorite ways to please Hannibal. It was intimate in a way most other kinds of pleasure were not, to have Hannibal sitting in his lap while Will mouthed his neck and played with his nipples. Will could feel Hannibal's warmth, smell his warm, natural scent, hear every tiny moan and whimper that barely made it out of his mouth.

Mouthing his way along Hannibal's neck, Will pinched both of Hannibal's nipples in his fingers – squeezing for a moment, then relaxing. Hannibal stifled a moan. In response, Will squeezed again, now tugging on them a little at the same time. “You like that?” He murmured. Hannibal didn't need to answer; he was already melting like butter into Will's hands. Hannibal was weak for him, letting himself unravel in a rare moment of erotic vulnerability.

Will began to gently twist, eliciting a low, surprised grunt from Hannibal. Will knew that Hannibal enjoyed a bit of pain along with his pleasure, and was all too keen to serve him plenty of both. “Feels so good, doesn't it?” Will hummed. He pulled on Hannibal's nipples until he heard the other man groan, leaning in to leave teeth marks on his shoulder. “Such sensitive tits, huh?” Growled Will. He loved the feeling of playing with them, and perhaps even more than that the feeling of having Hannibal in the palm of his hand, of being able to lay him so low just by teasing his nipples.

Will didn't stop; he rubbed Hannibal's nipples in tight little circles, stroking the hard nubs at a rapidly quickening pace that made Hannibal's back arch up against him. As he teased and toyed with them, Hannibal's breathing grew faster, his movements more restless. He must've been so hard already.

Will nudged Hannibal's arm up so that he could bring his mouth to his left nipple, feeling the coarse hair on his chest brush against his sensitive lips. Will rolled his tongue over the nipple,

the wet feeling finally drawing out a real, uninhibited moan from Hannibal. Will kissed and sucked it into his mouth, gripping the other half of his chest while he did so.

Will spread his jaws, sinking his teeth in right around the area of Hannibal's nipple, pleasuring it with his tongue at the same time he bit down. When he pulled back, there was a pretty little ring of teeth marks encircling it. Perfect.

Will glanced down. Hannibal's cock was hard and dripping precum. It must've been taking every ounce of restraint he had not to touch himself.

“You're close.” Will murmured, as if Hannibal wasn't already aware. “You think you can come just like this?” He asked. “Come just from me playing with your tits?”

Hannibal balled his hand into a fist. “I can.” He said, in a strained voice. “I just...” But words failed him as Will gave his nipple a sharp little nip. His fingers worked the opposite nipple vigorously, alternating between rubbing and squeezing. Will sucked his nipple without inhibition, so aggressive that he felt his teeth scrape against it and let out an almost feral growl.

“Come for me.” Spat Will, hot breath hissing against Hannibal's tight skin.

“P...Please...” Hannibal stammered. His whole body was trembling. “I'm s-so...” Hannibal shivered again, tensing up, then with a short series of gasps he came. Will bit down on Hannibal's nipple as he was coming, and Hannibal let out the loudest, most tremulous moan Will had ever heard from him. It certainly must have felt good to let go, to come without touching himself at all, just giving in to Will pleasuring his tits.

Will hummed contentedly, his tongue stroking Hannibal's nipple, now sore and throbbing from being bitten. An unparalleled pleasure indeed.

Tights

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Stockings/Tights
Also Contains: more dry humping, ballet dancer!Hannibal, semi-public
I wanted to use some variation of this prompt while also having it be different from the lingerie one I already did, so I thought it might be interesting to have Hannibal as a ballet dancer and Will lusting over him in tights. of course inspired by the fact that Mads Mikkelsen used to be a professional dancer before he did acting

There were a lot of things Will liked about dating a dancer.

A lot of them involved his body. Shallow? Maybe. But Will wasn't about to deny the way that watching Hannibal dance made him feel. It was striking to some that Hannibal still danced at his age, as most would've considered him past his physical prime, but Will knew better than that.

Nowadays, Hannibal spent much of his time instructing other people at the ballet studio, but he could and did still dance himself. It was a wonderful thing to see; Will had never been much of a ballet enthusiast before, but watching Hannibal dance was uniquely provocative. There was certainly an art to the way those supple muscles rippled from his shoulders down to the tips of his toes as he moved with all the powerful, splendid grace of a wild animal. The sweat beading at the back of his neck, glistening as if begging Will to come lick it from his nape.

Will knew that ballet was an art form with plenty of nuance, that there was nothing inherently sexual about it, but when he watched Hannibal dance like this, he usually just ended up getting aroused. It didn't help that he danced in *tights*, and usually without a shirt on.

Those goddamned ballet tights were the bane of Will's existence. They were semi-opaque, but definitely skin-tight. It was hard to focus on anything when Hannibal was in his tights; Will was permanently staring at either his thighs, his butt, or his package. He couldn't imagine how other people *didn't* stare. Polite or not, it was hard to just ignore that big bulge.

Hannibal never seemed to mind how...*on display* he was. It probably never even occurred to him, considering he was often surrounded by other people dressed in more or less the same manner, but Will thought about it often. When he came by the ballet house to visit or watch Hannibal dance, he often ended up having to self-consciously hide an erection. And it was even worse if Hannibal walked up to greet him, still sweaty after dancing and half-naked. God, it made Will want to tear his tights open and fuck him right then and there.

And Hannibal knew – of course he knew. There was no way he wasn't aware of how flustered Will got looking at him in his tights. His refusal to acknowledge it (likely to maintain his dignity) almost made it worse.

It didn't help that, by the time Will got there, he'd usually already worked himself up thinking about it. One night, when he came to pick up Hannibal after a long day of work, he walked in to the man fresh off a dance session, skin still warm and flushed, his tights damp with sweat. Hannibal came up and gave him a warm, friendly hug, a rare gesture of overt affection from him. Will could feel Hannibal's heartbeat, still slightly elevated from the exertion, thrumming against his chest.

Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal, kissing him with a soft, possessive growl. “Missed me?” He chuckled.

Hannibal let go of him after lingering for a moment too long. Will looked him up and down, his eyes lingering on the heavy bulge of his soft cock in the front of his tights.

“Sorry, I need to get changed.” Hannibal remarked, no doubt noticing where Will's gaze had gravitated.

“I don't mind if you want to ride home in your tights.” Purred Will rather cheekily. Hannibal side-eyed him.

“I still need to go get my clothes anyway.”

Will eyed the people slowly filing out of the studio around him. All of a sudden, it gave him an idea. Surely, it would be okay if the two of them stuck around for a little while after closing, wouldn't it? This was Hannibal's studio, after all.

Will followed Hannibal, knowing he was headed to the dressing rooms to get his clothes. Hannibal didn't rebuke him. By the time they got in there, it was just about empty. Perfect for Will's little plan.

Making sure nobody could see them, Will grabbed Hannibal by his hip. Hannibal stopped in his tracks, looking over his shoulder with nothing but mild curiosity.

“Hmm. Just can't wait, can you?” Remarked Hannibal. Will pulled him in close, rubbing up against Hannibal's ass. He was getting harder by the moment. Will nosed at the nape of Hannibal's neck, scraping his teeth against it. He could still taste the traces of his sweat there.

“Nobody's gonna see us.” Will was quick to jump ahead of his anticipated grievances. He held Hannibal by his hips as he began to slowly thrust, grinding his jeans against Hannibal's sheer tights. God, he looked so hot in them. Will wanted to feel them on his bare cock.

He discreetly unzipped his pants and exposed his erect shaft, slotting it between Hannibal's cheeks. The tights felt so smooth under his cock.

“Will, we don't have...”

“'S okay.” Will grunted. “Lemme do it just like this.”

Hannibal subtly leaned back into Will's thrusts. “This is all very ribald of you, Will.” He hummed, sounding more intrigued than he did resistant.

“Can't help myself.” Will replied. He nosed at Hannibal's neck while he humped in a slow, steady rhythm, his cock throbbing with every drag. It made a particular slick sound every time. “You look so fucking sexy in your tights. Makes me so fucking horny.” Will murmured softly into his hair. One of his hands wound its way towards Hannibal's front, slinking towards his groin to cup him. Hannibal was starting to get erect.

Will rubbed faster, gripping Hannibal's ass in his fingers while the other hand worked his cock, slowly bringing him to full hardness. “So irresistible.” Will whispered into his ear. He squeezed Hannibal's shaft, feeling how it was already straining the fabric of his tights.

Hannibal began to lean up against the wall, caving to the pressure Will was putting on him from behind. In response, Will stroked himself against Hannibal's ass even harder, his pent-up cock throbbing with every thrust. It was a blessing that nobody came into the dressing room; Will was much too wrapped up to have noticed them.

“I'm gonna come – fuck, I'm gonna come all over your ass.” Will whined as his thrusts reached their climax and he spilled, smearing his seed all over those tights. At the same time he felt Hannibal start to come, forming a wet spot on the front as well as the back. “Fuck...” Will groaned, feeling his orgasm all the way in his toes. He pressed his chest to Hannibal's back, embracing him tenderly.

When he pulled away, Hannibal turned to him with a stern frown. “A fine mess you've made of my tights.” He huffed. “I hope they don't stain.” The latter part was said with the timbre of a threat, implying Hannibal would seek some sort of retribution there were permanent semen stains on his ballet tights.

Well, he needed to wash them anyway, didn't he? Even if they were ruined, they were replaceable. Or, he could keep them around, just in case they ever wanted to do this again. Then they'd have a pair perfect for Will to enact his fantasies on.

“I'm going to change.” Hannibal broke Will out of his lustful post-orgasm fantasies. Was he actually mad?

“Want me to go...wait in the car?” Will coughed awkwardly. Hannibal gave him a playful glance over his shoulder.

“You can stay. If you'd like to.”

Not *that* mad, obviously. How could Will say no to an offer like that?

Latex

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Latex
Also Contains: Handjobs, Anal Fingering, lots of lube
I wasn't sure I wanted to use this prompt but thinking about Will graham in some arm-length latex gloves got me feeling a certain kind of way. this one is definitely late but i haven't been feeling too well these past few days :(

“Are you enjoying yourself?”

A rhetorical question, most likely. Hannibal didn't feel all that obliged to answer, at least not verbally. Will gave him a sly grin, speeding up the pace of his hand as it glided up and down Hannibal's slick shaft. His latex gloves added a particular level of excitement to the action – very smooth and almost frictionless when combined with lube.

Black and shiny, like oil spilled out across his arms. His firm biceps bulged in the sleeves of the arm-length gloves, as if they would rip right through the rubbery material at any moment. Everywhere he looked, Hannibal saw either pale, bare skin or black, reflective latex; his eyes could travel down Will's exposed chest and come to rest on his tight latex hot pants, with hardly a gap between the ends of those and the tops of his thigh-high boots.

Will jerked his hand lazily up and down Hannibal's rigid shaft, letting the other one come down to tease his balls as he did so. Hannibal was gripping the edges of his chair with white knuckles, his teeth gritting tightly to keep himself quiet. Some misguided stab at maintaining his dignity, perhaps.

“So hard for me, huh?” Teased Will. “I think you like these gloves, don't you?” Hannibal didn't answer, busy watching Will's upper arm flex in them as he stroked. “Does it feel good?” Will continued to taunt him, making several short thrusts over just the head of Hannibal's cock.

“Ah...y-yes.” Grunted Hannibal, still trying to keep himself relatively quiet. He was bound to break the arm of the chair with his grip by this point.

Will kneaded Hannibal's balls in a slow circle with a tight grip. Lube was running down them. Will had applied it rather liberally, trying to make sure there was no friction coming from the rubber, but he had slathered so much onto Hannibal's cock that his hand was all but slipping off as he stroked. It was a uniquely slick sensation.

Will's free hand slid down a little lower, two lubed fingers pressing at Hannibal's tight entrance. He didn't stop stroking, in fact jerking even faster while he teased teased his hole at

the same time. Hannibal tried to relax for him, but his whole body was far too tense from the pleasure. It didn't seem to hinder the process that much, though, as Will was easily able to slide one of his fingers inside.

Will didn't waste any time, his finger finding Hannibal's prostate almost immediately. Hannibal's mouth was wrenched open and he finally moaned out loud, overwhelmed by the combination of being pleasured from both the inside and the outside at once. “Will...” He gasped. Will flashed him a very-self satisfied grin.

“What do you want? Hmm?” Jeered Will. Hannibal felt his short nails dig into the arm of the chair.

“*More*.” Hannibal choked. Will pressed a second finger against Hannibal's opening.

“More?”

Hannibal nodded shakily. “Yes.” He groaned. “*Please*, Will. Please.” Hannibal decided it was best not to waste time and just give in and beg. Hopefully it would be enough.

Hannibal felt a second finger breach his entrance, stretching him slowly, latex-wrapped fingers rubbing against his insides. He threw his head back and bit his lip desperately. His hips tried faintly to cant upwards and his hole tightened around Will's fingers, squeezing them hard in a silent plea for even more. He knew Will wouldn't simply *let* him come without asking, though.

“Will, I'm – I need to...” Hannibal stuttered, panting, barely able to form words. He was so close, and Will *knew* that, he *had* to know that.

“Need to...?”

“I need to come.” Panted Hannibal. “Please let me come.” Will pressed upwards on his prostate and Hannibal moaned pathetically. He held Hannibal there, on the very brink, for only a moment, yet it felt like an eternity. Hannibal closed his eyes.

“Go ahead.” Will told him, and Hannibal finally let go. His whole body relaxed almost at once as he came, cock throbbing hard in Will's gloved hand. White cascaded over that slick black rubber and ran in heavy rivulets over his fingers – a beautiful contrast.

Will didn't stop, stroking until it almost became too much for Hannibal. As soon as he started to writhe, though, Will finally stopped. Glancing down curiously, he lapped some of Hannibal's cum off his latex glove. The sight made Hannibal's already-spent cock jump.

Then Will stood up. Hannibal had forgotten he was wearing thigh-high latex boots and tight shorts; a meager whimper escaped Hannibal and he closed his eyes, not wanting to accidentally make himself more aroused by continuing to look.

“What's wrong?” Asked Will. Hannibal could hear him leaning down, and he reluctantly opened his eyes again. Their faces were inches apart. Hannibal smiled slightly.

“Nothing, dear.”

Gags

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Gags
Also Contains: Light bondage, anal fingering, anal sex
this was actually supposed to be yesterday's prompt lmao

“There we are. Can't have you upsetting the neighbors.”

Will only grunted, unable to say much around the ball gag Hannibal had just strapped tightly into his mouth.

That was, of course, the express purpose of such an implement – to keep him quiet. Will had always been rather *'verbal'*, as it were, which was usually not a problem at all; in fact, Hannibal seemed to relish in seeing just how loud he could get Will to be, loving nothing more than hearing his moans rise to a screaming crescendo as he slowly worked him up to his climax.

This time was different, though – not because Hannibal didn't want to hear him, of course, but rather simply because they were in a *hotel*. As a result, they now had to be conscientious of those in the rooms to either side of them. It would be dreadfully rude of the two of them to upset the other patrons, after all. They could still have sex, but nothing too noisy – which meant Will simply *had* to be gagged.

Hannibal seemed to be enjoying it already. Surely it was pleasing just to see Will like this, sitting on his knees atop the neatly-made hotel bed, with his hands tied on top of his back and his mouth forced open by the shiny red ball on the leather gag.

To Hannibal, he imagined he looked something like a roast pig with an apple stuffed in its mouth. No wonder he liked what he was seeing.

“Are you ready?” Hannibal asked him. Will did his best to nod with his face against the bed.

Hannibal gave him a tiny, almost imperceptible smile. “Good.” He said, swiftly turning to the side to grab the bottle of lube, which he had set out in advance for their session this evening. Will could barely see him, the only cue he got the feeling of a slick finger slowly easing into his hole.

Hannibal always seemed to enjoy fingering him, preferring it to preparing him with a toy or anything else. It was careful, manual, something he could control with just as much precision as he desired. Hannibal's fingers tapped away at Will's prostate, watching his cock gradually getting hard between his legs. Opening him up seemed to be less his focus than stimulating

Will; Will was already plenty relaxed, enjoying the feeling of Hannibal's fingers and eagerly awaiting being penetrated.

A number of soft, needy moans had already attempted to make their way out of his mouth, only to be blocked by the presence of the large ball clamped between his teeth. “Moaning already?” Hannibal teased him, leaning in to lay a kiss on the upper part of his thigh, then tease it with his teeth. “It's a good thing I brought a gag, hmm?”

Will merely grunted around the gag. He could feel drool already starting to dribble out of his mouth. It was probably a good thing that Hannibal had laid him on his knees like this; if he'd been laying on his back, he probably would've been choking on his own spit the entire time.

Shortly, Hannibal pulled his fingers out. “You think you're ready for my cock now?” He asked.

“Mmm-hmm.” Will moaned, mouth wet.

Hannibal wasted no time, his lubed-up shaft pressing at Will's entrance and easing inside with little resistance. Will gnawed the ball in his mouth as Hannibal began to fuck him, not bothering to go easy. It was very much a good thing he was gagged; even pressing his face into the bed, he wouldn't have been able to keep quiet. This way, Hannibal didn't have to worry; he could fuck Will as hard fast as they both wanted without having to worry about Will making too much noise.

Hannibal was fucking him so hard and fast, though, that surely the neighbors would hear the sound of skin slapping on skin. Maybe even muffled, Will's moans would penetrate the hotel walls. He gritted the ball gag even harder in his teeth, a puddle of drool slowly forming on the sheets under him.

“Hmm, you take me so well.” Murmured Hannibal. He grabbed Will by his bound hands for better control as he shifted his weight. Will just whimpered, slobbering down his chin, his body slack. His cock was hard, twitching restlessly, begging to be touched – but he couldn't ask for it. He would simply have to wait for Hannibal to do it.

Hannibal was keen, though, and very receptive to the subtleties of Will's body. He knew when he was getting desperate, even without any verbal cue. Wrapping an arm around Will's waist, he brought his hand to his cock and began to stroke him, bending down slightly as he continued his thrusts.

Will came embarrassingly easily. His breathing was shallow, somewhat hampered by the gag, and for a moment his lungs went almost entirely still as he climaxed. His screams would've rattled the ceiling beams if he hadn't been gagged. Lying there with his face in a puddle of his own drool, coming hopelessly hard onto the hotel sheets, he couldn't have felt more blissful.

Leather

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Leather
Also Contains: Masturbation
this is one of the ones that's totally not repurposed from an old unfinished fic. leather hannibal in s3e1 drives me crazy anyways

Wearing all leather made Hannibal feel like a young man again. Especially so when he was speeding through the streets of Florence on a motorcycle. The way the city lights flew past him, everything around him becoming immaterial when he was one with such a sumptuous machine – it made Hannibal feel young and wild and virile. Not to mention the way all that leather, sleek and supple, adored his body. It was so...*sensual*, even in its very nature, that by the time he got back to his lavish apartment, the feel of leather caressing him and a motor running between his legs had positively *stirred* him. He was halfway hard walking through the door, and with the volts of energy still rippling up and down his body, he knew he would have to take care of things.

It was unseemly business, but unseemly business had to be taken care of nonetheless. Hannibal retired immediately into his bedroom, sitting on the side of the bed and leaning back, relaxing, feeling desire thrum low at the base of his spine and radiate out to fill his whole body. He cupped himself with his dominant hand, rubbed back and forth over the bulge of his growing erection, listened to the slick sound of leather on leather. It was soft enough to only produce a gentle rasp when he ran his palm over his groin, but still stiff enough to creak and push back when he grabbed himself. Both sounds were gratifying, delightfully erotic, heightening his attention and making his cock throb under its taut leather barrier. The harder it got, the tighter the unforgiving leather grew. The slight discomfort it brought only made Hannibal that much more aroused.

He continued rubbing himself through his pants, now able to grasp at the definite form of his erection. Listening to his leather getup harmonize with itself was a wonderful workup, but the harder he got, the more he wanted to take it off, to feel the tough leather directly on his sensitive sex. He ran his hands up and down his body, hearing the chorus of smooth and sharp sounds just that much closer to his ears, before finally letting one of them grasp the zipper on his leather pants and slowly open them. His cock leapt up eagerly once it was no longer restrained, twitching softly against his stomach, the flushed red head pushing out of his foreskin. Hannibal took a deep, raspy breath, his body already surging with arousal. It was unusual for him to get this worked up at all, much less seemingly over so little.

It had been some time since he'd last allowed himself to vent his desires. The last time he recalled, it had been with Alana – a fine woman, perhaps, but not anything that truly *excited* him. Such individuals were decidedly few and far between. He could think of one, as he

slowly ran a leather-clad fingertip up the length of his shaft; perhaps a fantasy would be permissible tonight. The first few strokes he made were slow, the abrasive feeling of the leather heightening his sensitivity and causing him to hiss through his teeth. That rough sensation was appreciable for a little while, but eventually he would need something to smooth out the process.

Hannibal pulled his leather pants back over his groin, tucking his shaft back into them for a moment while he went to scavenge for something to lube himself up with. Surely Bedelia had a container of cold cream or something similar in the bathroom – which could serve for this one occasion.

It was a swift and industrious search; a bottle of body oil made itself visible, sitting out on the counter as though left there purposefully for him. Such would suffice.

Hannibal grabbed the oil and made his way back into the bedroom, sitting down and applying a thin layer to his hands and shaft. He could still feel the texture of his leather gloves on his cock – supple and smooth. With a quiet sigh, he leaned back to enjoy himself, stroking in a careful, incremental rhythm. His pants and his jacket continued to creak softly with even slight movements, a constant reminder of his heavily clothed state. The thick leather was quite warm as well, making him sweat underneath it, but the heat only added to his excitement. It was truly divine, the way being clad in leather managed to stimulate all of his senses at once.

Hannibal pulled back his foreskin, rubbing his thumb against the underside of the head where it was most sensitive. After a moment, the friction began to grow too intense, and he stopped. He wanted to make this last, at least for a little bit longer. He was indeed what one might consider *'pent-up'*, but he didn't really think of himself that way; he was well in control of his sexual desires, and he seldom found them bothersome or nagging in the way such a sentiment would imply. Occasionally, even he desired to vent himself, though.

He returned to that fantasy he had been nurturing earlier. The shimmering image of Will Graham appeared in his mind, not even soured by the way their last meeting had ended, so bitterly and violently. If things had gone differently, perhaps he could have been here instead of Bedelia.

As he thought about Will Graham, he continued to touch himself. He imagined Will sitting on the motorcycle behind him, arms wrapped firmly around his middle – maybe dressed in leather gear himself. Will would look positively ravishing in a leather jacket, with his hair mussed and windswept from riding through the hot, dark streets of Florence. Hannibal would love to touch him, his leather on Will's, courting each other through their gear, even touching each other with their gloves. It was a lovely thing to imagine – he would be stroking Will, and Will stroking him, perhaps even looking into each other's eyes. Wouldn't that be so intimate?

Hannibal's cock throbbed in his hand. Oh, he wasn't going to last as long as he'd like, he could tell. Well, let it be so, then. He continued to think of Will as he rubbed himself, with sweat pooling under his leathers by now. He imagined Will sitting beside him, leaning over to grab his cock, his face bitten by riding through the wind.

Another pump of his fist and he came, his seed spilling out hot and thick over his leather glove. The whitish color contrasted beautifully with the stark black of the smooth leather. A perfect conclusion.

Squirting

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Squirting
Also Contains: Sexting, Strap-On sex, Trans Will, Trans Hannibal
I kinda tried to rework the setup for this one but it didn't really work out so I just left the sexting in there. ftm will is a squirter anyways and i will not hear otherwise

I'm so fucking horny right now

Rather lewd of Will. And certainly an inappropriate thing to text Hannibal when Will knew he was at work.

Will, please. I'm working.

Hannibal replied promptly. A smirk nevertheless teased up the corners of his mouth.

So you don't want to hear about how wet my pussy is rn?

Will didn't waste any time. Too hot and bothered to leave well enough alone, apparently. He was probably already touching himself while he was texting Hannibal, his fingers gliding over his wet lips, stroking and rubbing his hard clit...

Hannibal had some time before his next appointment. About half an hour, to be exact. It was time best spent making sure he was ready for his patient and not dealing with Will's hormonal impulses, but time nonetheless.

Touching will only make it wetter, you know.

I can't help it

A trap well set. Will had walked right into it, quickly confirming Hannibal's suspicions.

Hannibal smiled to himself as he looked down at his phone. It was impossible not to imagine the state Will was in currently, and Hannibal would admit he liked thinking about it. However, he had another patient soon, and he wouldn't dare think about pleasuring himself in his office while he was waiting for somebody.

I wish you were here

Said Will, unsubtly. Hannibal replied in an aloof manner:

I have one more patient this evening. I'll be home in about 2 hours.

He certainly wasn't about to duck out on a patient simply because Will was feeling particularly horny tonight. However, Will would most likely simply ignore that circumstance and continue to pester him. Hannibal was prepared for that.

I'll be waiting for you

Hannibal initially ignored that response. Will was quick to escalate things:

Is it ok if I cum without you

I wanna cum

Yes, you can cum

Thank you thankyou

Then, a few moments later:

Fuck

I just squirted

An intriguing development. It was possible Will hadn't actually squirted, and was merely saying that he had to engage Hannibal. However, Hannibal believed him. Will was very given to ejaculating in such a way, even when he was playing alone.

Save some for me, naughty boy

Hannibal knew it was unwise to encourage Will by engaging with him like this; it would only encourage him, setting a bad precedent for Will sending sexual texts while Hannibal was at work.

Of course I'll save some for you, I want you to fuck me so bad

I wanna squirt on ur strap

Very naughty of him. Before Hannibal could respond, he encountered an unexpected interruption: a phone call.

It wasn't Will – it was a last-minute cancellation from his patient. Usually, Hannibal considered it somewhat rude not to give at least 24 hours notice, but this time he didn't even mind.

It was funny how things worked out sometimes. Will must have been sweet-talking fate this evening.

Hannibal didn't let Will know he was coming home early. He simply closed up his office and got in the car, allowing Will to believe he was still seeing his patient. Of course, Will would no doubt hear him entering the house, so Hannibal wouldn't be able to completely surprise him, but he was sure Will would still be pleasantly surprised.

When he made his way into his bedroom, he found Will there. He was fully nude, legs spread to expose his holes to Hannibal.

“You're home early.” Declared Will, though it was obvious from the way he was positioned that he had been anticipating Hannibal, at least somewhat.

“My last patient had to reschedule.” Said Hannibal nonchalantly. He looked Will up and down, eyes lingering on his cunt, framed by a blaze of dark brown hair. “Lucky for you.”

“Very lucky for me.” Purred Will, licking his lips. His hand went down to his cunt, rubbing his clit almost instinctively. After a moment of silence, he prompted Hannibal with, “So what are you waiting for?”

Hannibal smirked at him. He immediately began getting undressed and went to go get his strap-on harness from among their toys. It was easily possible to wear said harness over clothes, but Hannibal much preferred the intimacy of doing it nude. As well, this way his clothes wouldn't get wet if Will ended up squirting again.

The exciting thing about a strap-on was that any number of toys could be attached to one harness, serving a wide variety of different experiences. Hannibal chose his favorite – a thick and hefty dildo with a heavily veined shaft. Its size certainly seemed to suit a very needy Will.

Will rubbed his own cock under his fingers as he watched Hannibal walk up to him with his strap-on at the ready. “Fuck me.” He whimpered, looking up at Hannibal with a desperate, pleading stare. Hannibal rubbed the tip of the dildo against Will's cunt, stroking it over his clit. It was hard and swollen already, likely still excited from masturbating. If he'd even stopped at any time, and hadn't just been touching himself right up until Hannibal came through the bedroom door.

Hannibal pushed the dildo inside, finding it quite easy. How wonderful that Will was already so wet for him. Will moaned quietly at first, holding his legs up to allow Hannibal the easiest access possible. Hannibal gave him no mercy; Will obviously didn't want Hannibal to go easy on him, and there wasn't much purpose in teasing now. Will started to get loud very quickly, his face contorting as he whimpered and begged Hannibal to fuck him – although that was something Hannibal was very much already doing, and had no intention of stopping.

Though he couldn't feel the way Will's pussy was tightly gripping his cock, it was still undeniably pleasant to be able to fuck him like this. A raw, primal assertion of his dominance, perhaps – or just the enjoyment of pleasuring or punishing Will with his cock.

“You're a very naughty boy, Will.” Growled Hannibal, his breathing quickening with his fast thrusts. “Distracting me while I'm at work.” Will whimpered his agreement. His legs then started to fall, at which point Hannibal aggressively pushed them apart, making sure Will stayed nice and spread for him. The strap was already soaking wet, as Will was, and Hannibal figured he would probably have his first orgasm very soon.

He didn't stop Will when the other man's hand went straight for his clit, rubbing it as vigorously as he could while Hannibal fucked him. “I'm gonna come -” He panted. “Fuck,

I'm gonna come."

Hannibal knew exactly when to let his hips snap back so he could see, so he could watch as Will let out a strong, clear squirt that soaked the shaft of his strap. "*God*..." Whined Will. Hannibal rubbed the head of the dildo over his cunt again, teasing Will's over-sensitive clit until he got a second squirt out of him. Gushing like this was surprisingly common for Will, especially when he was particularly horny, and Hannibal knew that was likely not the last he would see of it this evening.

By the time they were done, the bed would be absolutely soaked.

Facesitting

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Facesitting
Also Contains: Trans Will, Cunnilingus, Rimming, light sub Hannibal

Of all the unparalleled delicacies Hannibal had partaken of, all the exotic tastes that had ever graced his hungering palate, there was one that stood above all others – one he could have tasted every day and never tired of it: the taste of Will Graham.

Will was certainly his greatest vice. Will, of course, knew this – and he used it to his own advantage. Whenever he asked, Hannibal had a hard time saying no. He *enjoyed* being between Will's legs, worshiping him, showing him how much he was adored. And Will liked having him there.

Particularly, though, he liked having Hannibal *underneath* him. It was Will's way of exerting dominance over Hannibal even when being pleasured; when he was on top, he was in control, no questions asked.

Hannibal was all too glad to service him. When Will threw him down on the bed, he didn't ask any questions, just waited calmly for the other man to come sit on his face. Within moments, he had Will sitting astride his head, then slowly seating himself so that his cunt was aligned nicely with Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal gladly nuzzled into the thatch of Will's pubic hair and began to lick him in gentle, long strokes. Will grabbed the headboard so that he could better support himself as he rode Hannibal.

He often worried about Hannibal, concerned he wouldn't be able to breathe like this, but Hannibal was as content as ever in such a position. He was enveloped by Will, with his muscular thighs framing his face and dense, coarse hair brushing across his skin. Hannibal inhaled shallowly, every breath heavy with the scent of Will's musk – masculine, but light enough to not be cloying. Hannibal licked in deep, addicted to the gentle flavor of his pussy.

Will's hips began to gyrate, thrusting back and forth to grind himself on Hannibal's mouth. His movements were still slight and sporadic at the moment, but Hannibal expected them to get much more intense. Hannibal focused his attention on Will's clit, rubbing it with his tongue before sucking it between his lips. “Fuck, yes.” Will hummed. “Suck on it.” Hannibal obeyed, lavishing attention on his needy little clit. It throbbed in his mouth, getting even stiffer and more swollen the more he toyed with it.

One of Will's hands came down to grasp at Hannibal's hair. He didn't really need to hold Hannibal – after all, where was he going to go? But, it was yet another way of reinforcing his

control over Hannibal, by keeping him exactly where Will wanted him. Hannibal didn't mind; he was just there to be used, after all.

Will ground down harder, forcing himself into Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal accepted him gladly, mouth opening and tongue lolling out so that Will could use it more easily. He could scarcely breathe now, but he didn't protest. He was almost lulled by the feeling of Will's pussy rubbing over his tongue, his mouth, and his face, wet enough his thrusts weren't abrasive for either of them.

Then, all of a sudden, he stopped.

Hannibal was surprised for a moment, then quickly realized what was happening as Will got up and awkwardly flipped himself around so that his back was facing the headboard. He just wanted to change the angle, it seemed. Will slowly sat down again, and Hannibal lifted up to meet him, gladly sucking his clit into his mouth. “Oh, god, yes.” Will panted. He couldn't keep still, thrusting his clit vigorously against Hannibal's tongue and chin.

Will's juices were running down Hannibal's chin, wetting Will's inner thighs. Hannibal growled into Will's pussy as he nudged him forward, his tongue stroking from Will's cunt to his ass. Hannibal licked a circle around his rim and Will moaned powerfully. His hole twitched as Hannibal pressed his tongue into it.

“*Fuck.*” Will gasped. “Fuck yes.” He reached his hand down to touch himself while Hannibal was licking his rim, growling and panting. “God – I'm coming.” Will began to grind on him frantically, getting even wetter as he came, filling Hannibal's mouth with his juices. Hannibal just a helpless toy for him, just a mouth to fuck – and he wanted it that way.

Creampie

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Creampie
Also Contains: Breeding Kink, Felching, Snowballing
sorry for two shorter ones in a row but busy today. i'll try to keep up with the next couple days while i'm away from home

“Are you close?” Breathed Will, staring up at Hannibal's sweat-drenched face. A somewhat smug look of anticipation had come over him; he knew what was imminent, and he was glad about it.

“Yes.” Hannibal grunted. His thrusts continued, near as fast as they would get, while Will lay on his back across the desk underneath him, coolly taking what he was given.

Hannibal was close to his climax, and few things satisfied him more than breeding Will. It was a perfect culmination to their usually unceremonious rutting: the climax of all the pleasure Will offered him, along with the satisfying connection of still being inside him.

Always while he was still inside him, if Hannibal could help it. Pulling out and coming on Will's back or his stomach just wasn't as appealing as filling him up. It was a way of marking him, owning him, making Will his – something that very much appealed to Hannibal. He knew he was what some might call 'possessive' when it came to his partner, and he relished the opportunities he got to indulge those instincts.

Hannibal threw his head back, letting out a soft, sonorous moan as he was finally able to meet release. It was overwhelming, all-encompassing. He let it wash over him, a brief moment of complete surrender in which there was nothing occupying his mind other than how good it felt. How good it felt to abandon all his inhibitions, and how good it felt to be claiming Will. Hannibal thrust forward then stilled, burying himself as deeply as he could inside of Will while he climaxed. In that moment, Will was his and his alone, uncontested.

Will came as well, his body tensing and his hole tightening rhythmically with the contractions of his orgasm, as if intentionally trying to coax all of Hannibal's seed out of him. At the same time, he wrapped his legs tightly around Hannibal's waist, holding him close, making sure he didn't pull out until he'd given Will everything he could give.

What a greedy boy, who wanted to be bred just as much as Hannibal wanted to breed him. Hannibal gave a pleased little growl, satisfied that they were both enjoying this conclusion. He stayed there for a little longer, taking deep breaths to steady himself after being overtaken by his orgasm. Will continued to hold him close, at least as well as he could with his legs wrapped around him, as if he never wanted Hannibal to pull out.

A greedy boy indeed. Hannibal leaned down to kiss him softly as he let his softening cock slip out, before quickly righting himself again. Will kept his legs spread, giving Hannibal a good look at his leaking hole.

It looked delicious. Hannibal caved swiftly to his impulses, kneeling down to put his face between Will's spread legs and lick him. Will let out a weak little moan as Hannibal's tongue teased his rim, hungrily licking up his own spend from Will's hole. The sensation was exquisite; his cum tasted even better out of Will's hole than it did off his skin or from his mouth. Hannibal held it gently in his mouth as if it were a sip of the most sumptuous wine he had ever sampled.

Sampled, indeed, for he did not swallow. He had a better idea.

Hannibal lifted himself back up, stretching out in one fluid movement to kiss Will again. This time, his tongue pushed into Will's mouth immediately, passing Will all the semen Hannibal had just licked out of his hole. A repulsive action, to be sure, but it pleased Hannibal, and Will accepted it gladly. A warm purr bubbled through his throat as he kissed Hannibal eagerly and deeply to make sure he got as much of his reward as possible.

In those moments, Will was *his* – even more so than when Hannibal was coming inside him and filling him up. He was showing Hannibal now that he would take anything he had to give him and more; he was agreeing – *"I am yours."*

Spanking

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Spanking
Also Contains: Light dom/sub, dom Hannibal, sub Will
i've already had hannibal get spanked in one of my previous fics, so i thought i'd give will a turn for this one. also i'm away from home and yet i uploaded today's earlier and it is longer than some of the ones i've written at home rip

“Are you ready for your punishment now?” Asked Hannibal, rather matter-of-factly. Will avoided his eyes.

Even without looking at him, he could feel the quiet, almost paternal disappointment radiating from Hannibal. It was a strange sensation.

“Will?” Prompted Hannibal, quietly but expectantly.

Will let out a soft sigh. “Ready as I’ll ever be.” He muttered. He knew exactly what kind of ‘punishment’ Hannibal had in mind, and he also knew that the man was going to serve it to him one way or another. Maybe he’d go a little easier if Will behaved.

“Come here.” Hannibal ordered. His voice was surprisingly gentle, but still firm and authoritative, brooking no argument. Will obeyed, striding calmly over to the edge of the bed. “Bend over.” Hannibal continued. Will again did as he was bid.

Hannibal laid a hand on Will’s back, slowly running it down the length of his spine before stopping right at his belt line. Will reacted only by turning his head slightly to look over his shoulder. Hannibal ignored him, reaching his hands around Will’s front to first unfasten his belt, then unzip his pants. He apparently wasn’t going to give Will the grace of doing it through his clothes, then. Nevertheless, Will did not resist him.

Will almost flinched as he felt his pants slide down to his ankles. Surprisingly, though, Hannibal didn’t touch his boxers - not yet, at least. Will tried to look over his shoulder again, but Hannibal laid a hand on his back to push him back down.

“Stay still.” Said Hannibal sternly. Then, after a moment, he softened it with, “Trust me.” Will gave no indication one way or another, trying to remain as taciturn as possible. One of Hannibal’s hands coasted down his waist, softly gracing the curve of his ass. The touch quickly turned more aggressive, groping and kneading with a gentle squeeze.

Hannibal leaned over, practically pressing himself against Will’s back while he toyed with his ass. “Are you ready?” He hummed, his teeth grazing the edge of Will’s ear.

“I already said yes.” Grunted Will. He heard Hannibal scoff right next to him.

“If you want to keep being insolent, I can make this much worse.” He threatened, although his voice sounded playful. With that, Hannibal stood back up.

He rubbed Will’s ass again, lulling him into a false sense of security. Now, Will wasn’t expecting it when Hannibal suddenly pulled his hand back and gave him a firm slap. Will started to yelp, then managed to stop himself midway through.

“How many do you think you deserve?” Hannibal asked tauntingly. A quick spank to the other side of his ass ensued. “You should know better than to talk back to Sir in front of other people.”

Will didn’t answer, just hung his head in resignation. He knew he had been irritating Hannibal earlier in the evening by sniping at him over dinner - something Hannibal had more or less come to expect, and usually was willing to put up with. However, this time they’d had company over, which meant Will was not only talking back to Hannibal, but embarrassing him in front of his guests - something he considered *very* rude.

“You’ll get ten.” Declared Hannibal after a moment. “After every one, I want to hear you count. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Will mumbled. Hannibal surprised him by giving him a single, much harder spank across the left side of his ass.

“Yes what?”

Will hung his head again, pain already starting to reverberate through his ass. “Yes *sir* .” He sighed sulkily. Despite Will’s reluctance, that was apparently still good enough for Hannibal.

Will felt Hannibal’s fingers slip underneath the waistband of his shorts, pulling them down over his ass to expose him fully. Will braced himself, ready for Hannibal to start spanking him again, but Hannibal was smarter than that. He waited a few moments, just long enough to make Will wonder what he was doing, before delivering a hard spank when he knew Will was just beginning to let his guard down.

Will hissed through his teeth; Hannibal had a strong arm on him. With a muted groan preceding it, he counted, “One.”

“Good.” Will didn’t expect to hear praise from Hannibal, but he accepted it nonetheless. Hannibal paused for a moment, as if deliberately dragging out this experience, before spanking him again - hard, fast, and precise.

“Two.” Huffed Will. Thankfully, he was still able to maintain his composure so far, at least mostly. Three and four followed with the loud, sharp sound of a blow and a prompt number from Will, but crossing the hurdle of five it quickly began to get harder.

Hannibal was quite methodical about these things, as well as rigid and uncompromising. He would execute this punishment carefully and to the letter, seemingly without even enjoying it

- though such was largely a ruse. Nevertheless, he maintained his stoicism very well given the circumstances.

He was also unrelenting, not giving Will an inch lest he end up taking Hannibal to be soft. Each spank was as hard if not harder than the previous one, and Hannibal gave him only enough time for the initial sting to pass before moving on to the next. This way, the pain was still fresh when he came back to that side, and was compounded with each ensuing blow.

When he hit seven, Will broke and tried to shy away, only to have Hannibal grab him by the collar of his shirt to hold him up. He had made it most of the way through with his stone-faced facade, not letting the pain show, but it had nonetheless collapsed in time. Hannibal smacked him again and yet again Will's body instinctively tried to jump away before Hannibal stopped him. He barely remembered to spit out a hurried, *"Eight."* before Hannibal caught him not counting.

By the time Hannibal was done, Will's ass stung powerfully. Hannibal knew how to make ten slaps feel like a hundred. The typically pale skin that covered the curve of his bottom was flushed to a shy pink, not too red but distinctly ruddier than its usual color. Hannibal stroked his hand across it, no doubt deliberately trying to aggravate his discomfort.

Will just grunted, trying to ignore it. That was, until he felt Hannibal's touch sneak around to his front, carefully dancing over his cock.

"What's this?" Purred Hannibal, his hand cupping Will's erection. He leaned over Will yet again, bringing his face close to whisper in Will's ear. "You got hard just from that?"

Will only groaned, ashamed of how hard he'd gotten just from being spanked. It was obvious enough now that, despite his attitude, he had been enjoying himself much more than he let on.

"Well, what are we to do about that, hmm?" Hannibal hummed as he began to stroke down the length of Will's shaft in a smooth, even rhythm.

Will writhed under his touch. " *Hannibal* -" He whined, far too aroused already.

"Yes, dear?" Crooned Hannibal in a sweet, taunting voice. Will gritted his teeth.

" *Fuck me* ."

Knifeplay

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Knifeplay
Also Contains: Bondage, a little bit of temperature play
Happy friday the 13th :)

The glint of a knife shone through in the dim light that struggled to fill the bedroom. Hannibal's eyes had the same kind of shine to them - cold, keen, and emotionless. Of the two, the look in Hannibal's eyes was far more chilling.

In fact, Will felt his heart start to beat faster looking at him. He got the sense that Hannibal would be able to detect even the smallest signs of fear from him - a racing heartbeat, a fluttering breath, an ever-so-slight dilation of his pupils. So similar to the signs of arousal, weren't they? How would Hannibal even be able to tell where one ended and the other began?

Maybe it didn't matter. Hannibal came to stand over Will, looking down at him with the cold curiosity of a scientist looking at a specimen he was about to dissect. Will, with his hands tied firmly behind his back and a gag shoved crudely in his mouth, felt much like an insect pinned to a board. He was completely and utterly vulnerable.

"Are you frightened?" Asked Hannibal, voice smooth and unsympathetic. Will shook his head *'no'* . He lifted the knife and gently laid the very tip of it right between his collarbones. "Are you lying to me?" Hannibal continued. Will remained still, unsure of how to answer. "It's alright to be afraid." Hannibal purred, as he slowly ran the tip of the knife down between Will's pecs. He didn't apply enough pressure to break the skin, just to let Will feel the cold metal glide along his flesh.

He knew that knife was sharp - it wouldn't be hard for Hannibal to cut him, or to do much worse. Will simply had to trust that Hannibal *wouldn't* . And he did trust him - he wouldn't have gotten into this position if he didn't. A flicker of doubt towards that trust stirred within him as he watched that knife glide down his naked body, his instincts telling him to be frightened, but he quietly stifled it.

Hannibal lifted the knife when it got down to Will's navel, bringing it back up to his neck and carefully lifting his chin with the tip. Will looked up at Hannibal, gazing into his eyes as if to search for some semblance of emotion - yet still he saw nothing but a cold reflection. Hannibal was impeccably good at suppressing his feelings, even in a situation like this; it was almost eerie.

Hannibal turned the blade, pressing the sharp edge to Will's throat. Will kept his head lifted, not wanting to move too suddenly and accidentally cut himself, although the lack of pressure Hannibal was putting on the knife made that unlikely. Hannibal seemed satisfied with his response, quickly pulling the knife away. The blade snaked its way back down his body, running over his ribs tauntingly as if Hannibal was taking a tour of all the places he knew were the most frightening to have a knife. After a moment, it passed over his hipbone and stopped with the sharp tip pressing against the inner part of his thigh.

Almost as dangerous a place as his throat, and Will knew that. Nevertheless, he stayed still. Hannibal was having his fun with this by intentionally trying to provoke Will, curious as to what would make him flinch the most. Hannibal let out a soft, almost inaudible little growl as he traced the inside of Will's thigh with the point of the knife, bringing it up until the cutting edge rested just beneath his balls.

Will's breath hitched at the bottom of his chest and his legs tried to squeeze together involuntarily, to block Hannibal from that part of his body, but a firm hand came to separate them. Hannibal gave a little smirk, and an exhalation almost akin to a chuckle, as if he were nothing but amused at Will's reaction. Will stopped holding his breath, but only breathed shallowly, trying not to squirm as Hannibal pushed the knife up against his balls.

After a few seconds, Hannibal apparently decided that Will had had enough and carefully pulled back the knife, only to hover the tip right next to the end of his cock. Will's legs and cock both twitched when Hannibal pressed the point of the knife to the shaft of his cock, just barely beneath the glans.

It felt strange to be turned on by this. Hannibal had obviously found what got Will the most excited, and he moved the knife so that it was sideways against Will's cock, with no real threat of cutting him. It was smooth, and quite cold, especially in contrast with how warm his stiff cock was. The sensation made Will shiver a little. Hannibal rubbed the flat side of the knife on Will's shaft for a moment, noticing how Will writhed in response.

With another little chuckle, Hannibal removed the knife from Will's genitals and brought it up to his face again, holding Will's head still as he slipped the knife beneath the cloth gag. With one swift slice, he cut it off. Will heard the cut hiss right beside his ear.

The separated gag fell around his neck. "You've done very well, Will." Hannibal praised him. He brought the knife back down to Will's groin, pressing the back of it between his balls. At least it wasn't the sharp edge this time. "Would you like to come now?" Hannibal asked. A loaded question when he had a knife next to his nuts.

"Y…Yes." Whimpered Will. Hannibal began stroking Will's cock with one hand, the other one still keeping the knife in place.

Ah. That was it, then - if Will wanted to come, he had to come with the *knife* involved. Well, it actually stood to reason, considering Hannibal had already seen how Will was aroused by having the blade near his genitals.

"Is it more exciting like this?" Asked Hannibal. He carefully turned the blade so that the flat side of it was pushing up on his balls. Will whimpered. Precum was already starting to leak

from the tip of his cock, which Hannibal was smearing down his shaft to lessen the friction of dry skin on dry skin.

Hannibal turned the knife again, holding the sharp edge right underneath his balls just as he had done before. Will gritted his teeth and tried not to whimper again. His muscles tensed and froze. Hannibal was careful, Will knew that, and he was no doubt as absolutely in control of the situation as he could be, but with his hand sliding up and down, moving his shaft constantly, what if he…

Will closed his eyes. He was mortified, and at the same time so aroused he could hardly keep himself from coming right there and then. “Relax.” Hannibal urged him. “Trust me.”

“I-I trust you, I just…” Will stammered. Hannibal held his cock still for a moment, withdrawing the knife. Perhaps he had deemed that Will was getting too scared, or recognized the risk himself. Instead, he pushed the back of the knife against the slit of Will’s cock, right where it was most sensitive, pinching the head to hold it still as he did so. The friction and the sharp change in temperature shocked his nerves and made him come almost immediately.

Will swore raucously as he came, his seed getting all over the knife. Fuck, how many people could say that their partner had managed to get them off with a *knife* ? It was certainly like nothing Will had ever experienced before.

He watched in awe as Hannibal lifted the knife and suavely licked Will’s cum off the blade. Something else, indeed.

Foot Fetish

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Feet
Also Contains: Footjobs, Toe sucking, just lots of foot stuff basically
I think novel will having a foot fetish is basically canon? or it's *implied* y'know. either way i'd thought about writing will being weird with hannibal's feet even before kinktober so this prompt was prime

Hannibal had his feet up on the ottoman. Not unusual at all - except that this time he was barefoot.

He looked very comfortable, leaned back in his chair with a cup of tea, wearing his red sweater and his loose sweatpants. Almost picturesque, like a Norman Rockwell painting or something. Will felt like a pig for staring at his feet.

Will couldn't deny he had his…own kind of interest in them. Just a harmless fixation, really. He'd courted women's feet before, and *admired* them in private, but Hannibal's were rather different. A *man's* feet were something Will had never toyed with before, and he had thought about that more often than he would've liked to admit. He'd just never had the courage to supplicate himself to Hannibal by asking for his feet.

Now, though, that Hannibal was sitting here with his bare feet on display, Will could hardly contain himself. He approached Hannibal casually, letting his hands fall first on his shoulders so as to not to betray his intentions right away. "You look comfortable." Will purred.

"Indeed." Hummed Hannibal, taking another slow sip of his tea.

"Your feet sore?" Asked Will, after a carefully calculated moment of pause. Hannibal had been working all day, after all, walking around in his stiff business shoes. What would complete his comfortable lounging more than a relaxing foot massage?

Hannibal smiled. "If you want to touch my feet, there's no need for the pretense." He said smoothly.

Will felt embarrassment wash over him. Was he really so transparent? He chuckled sheepishly. "I, uhh…" He stammered. Did he keep up the facade, or just cow to his shame and admit that *yes* , he *did* want to touch Hannibal's feet?

"You can touch my feet." Hannibal prompted him. "There's even some lavender massage oil in the bathroom, if you'd like it. Though if you intend to put your mouth on them, I would do that first."

Hannibal read him like a book. Well, what now? He couldn't rightly just turn down that offer, could he?

Will slunk down towards the ottoman, taking a seat on the floor. He first touched Hannibal's feet carefully, almost reverently, watching his face as he massaged his soles up and down their lengths. Hannibal had fairly large feet, at least compared to any Will had touched before, but the skin there was surprisingly soft and delicate. Hannibal's feet twitched when Will rubbed his soles, an obvious indicator that they were sensitive. Not surprising, as they were rather sensitive areas for most people, but it was more than Hannibal usually gave him.

Will's foot massage was rather platonic so far, just enjoying the subtle reactions Hannibal gave when he touched the different parts of his feet. Hannibal seemed to enjoy it, although his feet were twitching a lot. "Are your feet ticklish?" Will asked, leaning in to gently kiss the sole of his right foot.

"They're sensitive." Was all Hannibal said. Of course he wouldn't admit to being *ticklish* , even if it was just on the soles of his feet. Will kissed his sole again, Hannibal almost flinching when he felt Will's tender lips and the scrape of his beard touch that oh-so-receptive skin.

Will escalated, letting his tongue glide from his arch to his toes. Hannibal let out a tiny whimper at that, his body quivering. "You *are* ticklish." Will remarked breathily. With a little purr, he took two of Hannibal's toes into his mouth, sucking on them and licking them, enjoying the salty taste of his skin. Hannibal gasped and moaned.

Encouraged, Will licked at the rest of his toes on the same foot, wetly and without inhibitions. His tongue slipped between them, getting at the most sensitive skin. Hannibal's feet writhed in place, his body unsure of how to handle the onslaught of sensation. Will held his foot in place, making sure he couldn't withdraw.

"Mmm, you like that?" Will growled. He sucked on Hannibal's big toe and watched him bite his lip. "Me sucking on your fucking toes?" Hannibal didn't respond, and Will quickly moved on to his other foot, kissing and nuzzling the sole. Will continued to worship his feet, taking his time on the opposite toes. They were shiny with spit by the time he pulled away.

God, it was so sexy. Lavishing attention on Hannibal's feet had turned Will on as much as it had Hannibal, if not *more* . He could feel his cock throbbing between his legs.

"I wanna fuck your feet." He said, almost as if to himself. He didn't know if Hannibal would let him go that far, though.

"Fuck them?" Hannibal purred. His voice was heavy, a strong indication that he was more flustered than he'd been letting on. "You want to slide your cock between my feet? Rub yourself off just like that?"

"Yeah." Will groaned, his mouth going back to Hannibal's foot as if it were magnetized there. "Mm - can I?" He pleaded, sounding positively pathetic.

"Certainly." Answered Hannibal.

Will was floored by his excitement. He took his now-erect cock out of his pants as quickly as he could manage, stroking himself a few times while he stared at Hannibal's feet. He'd need something to lube up with, though - a bit of spit wouldn't really do for something like this. Then he remembered what Hannibal had told him earlier: there was massage oil in the bathroom. That would do, and plus, it wouldn't leave Hannibal's feet all sticky afterwards.

Will raced off to get the oil and came back in a minute. He applied it liberally to Hannibal's feet, not rubbing it in much so that it stayed on the surface. "Here - hold your feet like this." Will instructed him, taking a moment to maneuver his feet into a position where he could get his cock between them. This wasn't exactly the best setup for a footjob, but they could make it work.

After a little bit of maneuvering, they found a position that worked, with Will on the floor and Hannibal still in his chair. Applying a little bit more oil to make sure it was smooth, he thrust his cock between Hannibal's soft feet, squeezing them together as hard as he dared. Hannibal helped him out by moving his feet up and down, as it was a bit easier for him to control the motion from this particular angle.

"Oh, *fuck* ." Will gasped, rutting hard into his feet. Hannibal curled his toes, teasing Will's shaft with them, and Will knew he wouldn't last long. "Yeah, just like that. *Fuck*, I won't take long." Surely Hannibal could feel how hard his dick was throbbing, wedged right between his big, gorgeous fucking feet. It was perfect - absolutely perfect. Hannibal was jerking him off with his feet, enjoying toying with him, moving down to nudge his heel against Will's balls, to rub his toes against the tip.

"Fuck, Hannibal, yes - please." Will whined loudly. "Your feet feel so fucking good." He watched his cock glide between them, smooth as could be, and he leaned his head back.

"Yes, that's a good boy." Said Hannibal. "Don't you want to come for me?"

"Yeah, I wanna come all over your feet." Crooned Will. "Please - fuck, just a little more." His hips began to buck up and down, trying to get just enough friction for him to get there. Hannibal knew he couldn't handle being teased much more, and thankfully let him come very quickly. Will couldn't stay still, aimlessly grasping at Hannibal's feet as his orgasm overtook him, spilling all over his feet. His cum slid down his shaft, adding extra lubrication to the strokes of Hannibal's feet.

Looked so good. Hannibal's feet were made to be covered with Will's cum. As Will finished, his climax slowly winding down, he looked back up at Hannibal. He was sitting there, with his hard cock out of his pants, stroking himself slowly. Obviously, he'd enjoyed this a little bit himself.

Hannibal noticed him looking. "Would you care to help me out?" He asked.

Will smiled. "Of course."

Bath/Shower

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Bath/Shower
Also Contains: Washing, Foreskin Play, Handjob, will being horny and hannibal being cranky
brain is fried to i swapped prompts again to have one that i'd already pre-written a little - then ended up writing so much more shit anyway. i played myself.

Hannibal came home ruffled.

This was rather a disappointment to Will, who had spent most of his day flittering in and out of fantasies about joyously falling into Hannibal's arms the moment his man got home, running his soft lips over the lightly sweat-flavored skin on the sides of his neck, letting his fingers dance over his belt – and, when Hannibal welcomed him, the two would set about shedding their clothes and dancing their bare-skinned dance on the couch. But, now that that moment had finally arrived, he had met Hannibal in a very particular and inhospitable state. It was a phase of Hannibal he distinctly recognized: hair slightly out of place, eyes dark and baleful, breathing harsh and shallow and sporadically hitching at the bottom of his chest. On the unexpectedly diverse list of Hannibal's subtle moods that Will kept on mental file, this one was very near to the least accommodating.

He was fuming. He was not going to want sex. Will had been thinking about fucking him all damn day, and now that they were finally together that dream was even further away than it had been the whole time they were in completely different buildings. Instead of embracing Hannibal and lavishing him with wet, plaintive kisses, he found himself just *standing* there, hanging back so as not to make him feel invaded, and watching with sad, knowing eyes as Hannibal made his way inside and found himself a seat. Will didn't even give him a passing comment, not wanting to incidentally worsen his lover's mood with a simple wrong turn of phrase.

If he was being wholly honest with himself, he felt like sulking. Hannibal's agitated state was as good as an outright denial of his desires, certainly for the near future and most likely for the whole night – unless, of course, Will could find a way to unwind him. But that would have to be an exceptionally delicate process, and even then would still carry a rather high risk of failure. Though, if it failed, the most likely outcome was the same as it would be if he didn't try to soothe Hannibal at all: he would get quiet and short with Will and put himself to bed with his back facing towards his partner. Then hopefully he would wake up calmer in the morning, but Will wasn't thinking about the morning.

He wanted sex *tonight*. And to even have a fair shot at that, he needed to bring Hannibal down from his agitated state one way or another. If nothing else, Hannibal had at the very

least left himself open to being approached, having slumped down on the sofa rather than stormed off towards isolation. Will, now quite intent on achieving his goal, slunk carefully up behind Hannibal, knowing he would be noticed but stepping lightly to indicate he was cautious of his partner's mood. Hannibal, for better or worse, did not acknowledge him.

Will proceeded to timidly lay his hands on the back of the couch, close to Hannibal's shoulders but not yet touching them. “Did you have an unruly patient today, Dr. Lecter?” He asked, in a gentle, endearing voice. Hannibal closed his eyes and released one short huff of breath that might have been a chuckle.

“'Unruly' is...one way to describe it.” He murmured, letting his head lean back and keeping his eyes closed. As slowly as he could, Will moved his hands down to Hannibal's shoulders; Hannibal did not make to push him away, but Will remained tentative, beginning to put only the slightest amount of pressure down on the spots beneath his hands.

“Is there something I can do to help take the edge off?” Will suggested, having already started to form a plan in the recesses of his mind. “Maybe you'd like me to cook dinner tonight?” He offered, with a humorous edge to his voice that indicated he was well aware Hannibal would decline that offer. Hannibal managed to muster an unenthused chuckle, but didn't so much as open his eyes.

“That's funny.” Hannibal answered dismissively. Will nonetheless hoped he had charmed Hannibal a little with his joke.

“Okay, well...” Will began, with a tiny chuckle at Hannibal's response. “Maybe I could draw you a bath?” He asked delicately, still rubbing at Hannibal's shoulders with the utmost timidness. A beat of pensive silence passed, and Hannibal cracked his eyes open – perhaps a good sign, perhaps a bad one.

“Hmm.” Hannibal grunted, one unreadable noise that left Will just as apprehensive as he had been before. “That sounds nice. I think I could use a hot bath.”

“Then I'll go run you one.”

“Thank you, Will.”

So far, so good? Will strode off obediently to go run a hot bath for Hannibal. He took immense care to make sure that the water wasn't too hot or too cool, wanting to make sure Hannibal was as comfortable as possible and had no reason to be bothered. He even laid out Hannibal's preferred grooming products beside the bathtub as it began to fill with steamy water.

Hannibal came into the bathroom a few minutes later, wearing his silk bathrobe. Shiny and sumptuous, the mere presence of the garment felt like a deliberate tease on Hannibal's part. Will remained beside the bathtub, making no move to get up. Deciding it was worth it to take a risk, Will gestured with an open arm towards the tub, inviting Hannibal to get in – and implying he wouldn't be leaving.

Hannibal approached, but made no direct acknowledgment of Will. He sloughed off his bathrobe, giving Will a glimpse at his nude figure – beautiful like a Greek statue. He stepped into the bath gracefully, and slowly so as to adjust to the temperature of the water. Will's eyes traveled over his body carefully, trying not to make it apparent to Hannibal that he was ogling him.

Internally, he was trying not to get too excited too quickly. Things were going well so far, but there was still no guarantee Hannibal would let things get as hot and heavy as Will wanted them to. He had to be careful, take things one step at a time, not get ahead of himself...

Hannibal languidly stretched out in the bathtub, leaning back and closing his eyes as the hot water gradually welled up around him. With one long, deep breath, Will watched his tense muscles begin to relax. Biting his lip (it was fortunate Hannibal had his eyes closed and couldn't see him), Will shakily asked, “You want me to wash you?”

Hannibal gave a single, silent nod. He *must* have been going out of his way to give Will as little as possible. Will promptly grabbed the bottle of expensive body wash, pouring just enough onto Hannibal's chest and shoulders to be able to work it into a good lather. He wanted to wash him with his hands – it was more intimate to do it manually, and this way he could really work Hannibal over, massaging to let his muscles relax and lull him into a calm, accepting state. Washing him like this reminded him of washing a dog, although that analogy wasn't very sexy.

Will tried not to be too lecherous as he soaped up Hannibal's chest, his touch just barely grazing his nipples. *Be careful,* he had to remind himself, *don't do too much at once.* His hands glided over Hannibal's smooth, warm skin, washing his shoulders, his arms, his back. The herbal smell of vetiver was intoxicating. Hannibal moved courteously to allow Will to reach the different parts of his body, but responded only with small sighs and frequently closing his eyes, seeming to be content. Will coaxed him to lift his legs, again trying not to be too lecherous when he rubbed his feet.

Will slowly made his way up Hannibal's thighs, not quite daring to touch his cock or balls. Hannibal obviously enough knew what he was intending to do, prompting him with a curt nod and a muted, “You can wash there as well.”

It took all of Will's self-control not to smile and laugh in triumph; victory was his! How he maintained his composure was beyond even him. Will carefully maneuvered his hands between Hannibal's legs, gently caressing his balls as he washed them, unable to completely restrain himself anymore. He saw Hannibal start to get hard and repressed a little shiver of anticipation.

Will still tried to remain subtle as he moved on to his cock. “Don't forget to clean under the foreskin.” Hannibal reminded him, still laid back with his eyes closed, seemingly as relaxed as could be. Unlike Hannibal, Will was cut, so he didn't have to worry about washing himself in that particular way. However, he didn't need the reminder; he fully intended to make the most of touching Hannibal's cock.

Will rolled back Hannibal's foreskin gingerly, his fingers dancing delicately over the sensitive head, trying to make it seem like he was just trying to keep things clean while still carefully

stimulating him. It seemed to be working, as well – Hannibal was noticeably getting hard. Will kept his focus on the head, growing braver and openly toying with his foreskin. Hannibal did not protest.

Hannibal's cock began to fill out even more, soon becoming fully hard. Will continued playing with him, but was still mostly teasing the tip rather than giving long strokes up and down the shaft as he normally would. Hannibal remained laid back, his eyes mostly closed, trying to remain inert and aloof. He was betrayed by his breathing, which was growing quicker and more erratic, his mouth falling open in the occasional faint moan.

Will pinched the tip of Hannibal's cock in his fingers, giving very short, fast strokes. Hannibal moaned out loud, his hips almost thrusting upwards into Will's touch. Will continued rubbing him, going even faster before abruptly slowing down. He continued to work Hannibal's cock in much the same way, neither of them even speaking, just enjoying the sensation. It was pleasant, in a way. Hannibal seemed to be at ease, if nothing else.

Will didn't stop when Hannibal got close, just pulled down his foreskin again and pressed his thumb against his cock slit, teasing it until Hannibal's whole body quivered and he came. Satisfied, Will leaned down to lick the last drops of cum from under his foreskin.

“You feel more relaxed now?” Will asked coyly. Hannibal gave him a very small smile

“Just what I needed. Thank you, Will.”

Public

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Semi/Public
Also Contains: Exhibitionism, Butt Plugs, Anal Sex, Top Will/Bottom Hannibal
i need to. stop making these so fucking long. anyways for this prompt i went with 'public as in in front of a group of people' rather than 'public as in a public place where they could get caught'. also my 'hannibal is a secret exhibitionist' headcanons

Hannibal Lecter was a poised, dignified man. An individual who made sure that he appeared to others as nothing less than a gracious gentleman at all times, never crass or rude, never concerned with crude or banal things.

It just so happened that he also had certain desires which were...*inconvenient.* Particularly so when considering the persona and reputation he worked so hard to maintain.

Specifically, he had certain fantasies which most people would consider *exhibitionistic*. Hannibal was proud of his body, and he knew he was *big*; he didn't like to flaunt, but when he thought about the idea of people looking at him naked, or watching him touch himself, he didn't find himself uncomfortable with the thought at all. He wouldn't mind being watched, if it happened to occur. He wouldn't even mind if someone watched him having sex – as long as his partner was alright with it.

Of course, it was horribly rude to watch someone without their permission – but it would be different with a captive and consenting audience, people who *enjoyed* watching. Everyone would be looking at him, admiring him, as if he were a work of art on display at an exhibition.

Well...maybe he was more than just passively indifferent towards the idea of being 'watched'. He had even had brief flights of fancy wondering about what it might be like to throw one of his renowned dinner parties and...display himself. Before an audience of like-minded people, of course. Dinner and a show, he supposed.

When he spoke about this fantasy, his beloved Will had asked him, *"Well, why don't you do it then?"*

It had absolutely floored him. Firstly, he had not suspected that Will would be so nonchalant about the idea – he had suspected Will might not share his particular inclination of his, or that he might be outright dismissive of it. But here Will was *encouraging* him!

Then an even greater idea occurred to him: what if Will were to *participate*? What if he had Will *fuck him* in front of everyone? Imagining being bent over his own dining table while his

guests circled around him made Hannibal feel hot under his collar. What a simply irresistible idea.

Blessedly, Will was willing to participate. He even continued encouraging Hannibal, asserting that he was intrigued and even excited by the premise. Hannibal had suspected he might struggle to find a decent number of people who would be interested in this *sort* of party, but he was fortunately incorrect. It was distinctly *not* meant to be a rowdy house party; it was a dignified affair, meant for *polite* individuals. It was also not meant to be an *orgy*, at least not outright – though who knew how things would progress.

Hannibal had a hard time repressing his excitement leading up to that evening. Will, meanwhile, was simply laid back, hardly worrying at all. Not even nervous the night of. At least he was feeling confident! Hannibal was a bit mote flustered, but he always fretted over the details when it came to hosting a party. In this case, he was even more roused by the context, and Will had to frequently remind him to be calm.

It began as any other dinner party, with the exception that all guests were given a reminder of the rules as they entered – what was allowed, and what was not. Thankfully, Hannibal's trust was not misplaced, and his guests were on their best behavior. Will, on the other hand, was not. He was far too eager to 'get started', as it were, getting handsy with Hannibal almost the instant most of the guests had arrived. So much for savoring the anticipation!

Hannibal swatted him away, telling him they needed to wait at least a little bit. Nevertheless, Will continued to follow him around like a lost puppy, touching him and groping him at every opportunity. Needy and impatient, and entirely uncouth. Hannibal hardly had time to socialize or welcome anyone! Apparently Will had assumed Hannibal would dispense with the pretenses in this case.

Eventually, he would have to cave to Will's advances. Hannibal carefully placed himself next to an empty table, isolating himself from the general crowd as an invitation to Will. Will, who had already been looking for any opportunity to get to Hannibal, jumped on it immediately. He pressed himself against Hannibal's back, hand reaching down to grab his ass. When Hannibal didn't rebuke him, Will nosed and kissed at his neck.

Hannibal couldn't help but glance around, wondering if anyone was taking note yet. Will didn't seem to care, his hands roaming all over Hannibal's body now, greedily groping his chest and cupping his cock and balls through his pants.

“You want me to rail you in front of all these people? At your own party?” Will growled into his ear. Being very direct, it seemed. “Let everyone see what a dirty slut you are?”

Hannibal reached back, laying his hand on Will's leg. “Ahh...y-yes.” He moaned. He felt his cock jump in his boxers.

“You wanna bend over for me?” Will asked. Hannibal was about to agree, but he paused for a moment.

“I want to take all my clothes off.” He said softly. Will didn't reply, just hastily started to help him strip himself. Hannibal tried to keep his clothes orderly, laying them down on the table,

but Will didn't bother, just tossing them to the floor.

Hannibal didn't have time to complain about it, though. Will was all over him, pushing him over and grinding against him. He smacked Hannibal's ass loudly, instantly drawing the attention of anyone who wasn't already looking. Well, at least now he knew that they had all eyes on them.

He felt Will spread him, and Will chuckled lightly, no doubt noticing that Hannibal had been wearing a butt plug. “You prepared yourself for me, huh?” Will remarked. “Where'd you leave the lube?”

“Over on the coffee table.” Of course, he'd had to allow such things to be accessible for both themselves and their guests. Will left for a moment and then returned promptly; Hannibal knew people were looking at him, sipping their wine casually while their eyes roamed his naked body. It was what he'd always imagined. He felt...exposed. He let the vulnerable sensation wash over him, accepting it before allowing it to pass, ebbing away to expose the overwhelming excitement underneath.

His cock was starting to get hard just from the thought of being looked at. Will, now situated behind him, grabbed the end of the butt plug and slowly began to pull it out. Hannibal moaned as he felt the flared bulb of the plug stretch his rim, slipping out without too much effort. Will purred as he spread Hannibal again, getting an eyeful of his hole, before he roughly pushed two lubed-up fingers inside. Hannibal looked around again as Will fingered him for a moment; his cock was already rock hard after taking the plug out, and noticing how many people had gathered around was making him even harder.

He was almost surprised when he felt Will's cock pressing at his hole; he hadn't been paying attention! The butt plug had served to help stretch his hole and made sure that Will's cock would slip inside easily, which it certainly did. Will seized Hannibal by the hips and started to thrust hard, not giving him a single second to breathe.

Hannibal moaned out loud. This was really happening, wasn't it? Will was fucking him in front of all his guests. Hannibal's nipples were pert from the cold air and his cock was fully hard, and everyone could see his naked body. He tried to stand up as much as possible so nobody's view was restricted, and he felt one of Will's hands come to his left nipple and start to toy with it. Hannibal allowed himself to moan out loud, hoping his audience would enjoy it. “You fuckin' like it?” Snarled Will in his ear. “Hmm?”

“Yes.” Hannibal gasped. “Please – don't stop.”

He knew he could come embarrassingly easily. Everyone looking at him was making him so aroused he was quite flustered. He pushed back on Will needily, and Will smacked his ass again. *“Spank him again.”* Someone requested, sounding rather entranced. Will obeyed immediately.

He felt Will's hand on his throat, not squeezing but just holding. His thumb curled into Hannibal's mouth. “Slut.” Will spat, loud enough everyone could hear. “You like this? You like showing everyone what a whore you are?” Will's thrusts were relentless, slamming constantly in and out of his hole; he was going to be sore later.

“Yes.” Hannibal moaned miserably, trying not to hump the table. Everyone was watching him, seeing how aroused it made him to be a public slut. They were quiet, mostly, but with excited murmurs floating through the air. He even saw a few people touching themselves.

“Will, I want to – I want to...” Stammered Hannibal.

“Want to what?” Will teased, although he knew very well what Hannibal was trying to ask.

“I want to come.” Hannibal moaned, once again pushing back onto Will. “Please.”

“Touch yourself.”

Hannibal began to stroke his cock, the constant friction of Will's cock inside him making the combined pleasure almost unbearable. He was going to come in front of everyone. He could feel his orgasm already starting to rumble up from the tips of his toes, boiling through the pit of his stomach. He freed his voice and let everybody hear him moan while he came.

He came so hard from being watched; it was everything he had imagined. Hopefully his audience enjoyed it even a fraction of as much as he did. Will seemed to like it, as he whispered, *“Fuck.”* into Hannibal's ear and pulled himself out, stroking only a few times before quickly coming all over Hannibal's ass.

What an eventful night. And he hadn't even served dinner yet!

Double Penetration

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Double Penetration
Also Contains: Threesome, Hannibal/Will/Jack, Coming Untouched/Anal Orgasm

“You think you're loose enough to take both of us at once?”

A daunting question. That was what they had been working up to all this session – Will having two cocks inside his hole at once. Will was nervous about the prospect, but excited; he had never attempted anything quite this extreme before. Jack and Hannibal, though, had both been very careful with him thus far; Will was glad it was them.

“You can try.” Will answered, shakily but eagerly. He was planted on all fours above Hannibal, and had been riding his cock up and down for a little while, with Jack standing behind them and stroking himself while he watched. Earlier, he had been helping stretch Will with his fingers, and his own cock for a brief period, before they had determined Will was suitably loose to attempt multiple penetration. He'd been able to take four of Jack's wide fingers at once, nearly side-by-side, but he was still unsure of whether or not he'd be able to fit both cocks.

Hannibal held onto Will's ass, spreading him out while Jack gently nudged the tip of his cock against his rim. “Ready?” Asked Jack, in a low, smooth voice.

“Uh-huh.” Moaned Will. Jack's cock pushed against his opening, and Will felt himself tense. Hannibal must have felt it too, since he immediately asked, “Is everything alright?”

“Hurts.” Will murmured. Jack promptly stopped pushing forward, to which Will urged, “No – keep going.”

“You're sure?”

Will nodded. “Yeah. Just do it...gently.”

“Relax.” Hannibal coaxed him softly. “Breathe through it.” Will felt Hannibal's touch on his thigh, petting it softly to help calm him. Will took a deep, slightly shaky breath. Jack pushed at his hole again and he exhaled slowly, trying not to tense as he felt the pinch there.

“Doing so good.” Jack said reassuringly. Will could only let out a loud, wordless cry as his rim gave in and let Jack inside. It stung for a moment – almost too much, but Will steeled himself against it and focused on the pleasure rather than the pain. Will's hole twitched faintly around both of them, trying to tighten but not finding much success.

“That's it.” He heard Jack purr. “Atta boy, Will.” He laid his hands on Will's hips, next to where Hannibal's were, and began to slowly thrust. Will whimpered, overwhelmed by the sensation. He felt so *full*, so open; his hole would be absolutely wrecked by the time they were done. The thought turned him on even more.

“Fuck me.” Whined Will. Hannibal couldn't move much from this position, only able to thrust shallowly upwards, but he seemed to be enjoying the sensation of having someone else's cock sliding back and forth over his own. Jack wasn't moving too much either, presumably trying to go easy on Will, but it didn't matter. Even the slightest bit of friction inside was setting off a chain reaction in his nerves.

Will pushed back as well as he could, escalating, wanting more. “You like it, hmm?” Hannibal purred beneath him. Will hummed in agreement, pushing back as they both pushed forward, still needy even with two cocks inside him at once. He wanted to be fucked until he was *ruined*, until he couldn't walk or even think anymore.

“Harder.” He begged. “Please – harder.” They had both tried so hard to be gentle with him, but Will couldn't stand it anymore; all he wanted was to be used roughly. He was starting to loosen up even more now, which made it easier for them to move; both Jack and Hannibal were thrusting now. Will threw his head back and moaned loudly again, unable to contain himself. The sound of skin on skin was starting to arise over the harmony of all three of them breathing heavily.

Then Jack seemed to stop, all at once. “Would you like to switch places, Dr. Lecter?” He proposed, in a silky sweet voice.

“That can certainly be arranged.”

Will gave only a few short, staggered nods to indicate his agreement before first Jack and then Hannibal slipped out of him. It felt almost as good as putting them in did, and he could feel how loose he was when he was empty.

They rearranged themselves so that Hannibal and Jack were more or less in opposite places, with Jack beneath Will and Hannibal behind him. Will rocked down into Jack's cock, which slid inside without effort. When Hannibal pressed inside, the two of them fit much more easily, gliding with every stunted thrust. Oh, it was so good, it was so good, it was –

Will came with a shout, grinding his cock onto Jack's soft stomach and spreading his seed all over it. “Oh, yeah, that's a *good boy*.” Said Jack. Will's legs trembled and he almost collapsed on top of Jack, who tried to hold Will up a little bit by his chest.

Will went all but completely slack, letting both men fuck him as hard as they pleased – or as hard as they could manage, at least. The continued pleasure made him feel like he was going to pass out.

Hannibal, leaning over Will and panting, suddenly righted himself and pulled out. With a few strokes of his cock he came onto Will's ass, his semen dripping down onto Jack's cock. Jack himself came within a moment, urged on by Hannibal's climax, filling Will's hole with seed from both of them.

Will lay there, his head collapsed against Jack's shoulder as the other man's softening cock slipped out of him. “Did so good, Will.” Jack murmured. Hannibal began gently rubbing his lower back at the same time.

A lot of praise just for taking dick, wasn't it? Well, Will was sure he looked good like this, with his face down and his ass lifted, displaying his loose, sloppy hole. He probably would've been praising himself, too.

Getting Caught

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Getting Caught
Also Contains: Scent Kink, Masturbation, Mutual Masturbation, a bit of humiliation kink kinda

Will Graham's house was somewhere between expectedly quaint and unexpectedly lavish. For a rural homestead stranded out in the middle of backwoods Virginia, it was quite a nice residence, though it was far from immaculate in its cleanliness. Perhaps some of that may have been attributed to the presence of an entire pack of dogs residing there with him, shedding a massive coat of hair over all his furniture and dominating the space for themselves. Hannibal paid them little mind as he pushed his way into Will's house, tiding them over by tossing them some bits of meat to draw their attention. The canines seemed easily swayed to trust him by these bribes, perhaps having a degree of familiarity with his scent due to Will having often carried it back with him. Hannibal paid them little mind as he began to pry around Will's home, taking careful note of where he kept things – and in particular that little table near the window where he carefully crafted his fishing lures.

Hannibal let his eyes scour Will's hobby arrangement before moving on to investigating the rest of his home. His bed was crudely half-made, as if he'd just jumped out of it moments ago, instead of having been unoccupied for several hours. Hannibal couldn't resist the urge to adjust those blankets a little, pulling them out nicely over the surface of the mattress and brushing a little bit of the dog hair off. Will likely wouldn't even notice, but it served to satiate Hannibal somewhat. He continued to scrutinize Will's disorganized home as he made his way into Will's bathroom. His lips twitched into a disdainful frown as he glimpsed a pile of dirty clothes discarded in the corner. Perhaps Will had left in a hurry, with no opportunity to clean up his home properly? It was unlikely, but Hannibal was trying to give him the benefit of a doubt.

It seemed that he hadn't picked anything up at all, just abandoned his entire ensemble there when he hopped into the shower or got ready for bed. Hannibal gently nudged the bundle of crumpled clothing with the toe of his shoe, pushing the discarded jeans out of the way to reveal the expected pair of white shorts entangled within them. Hannibal slowly leaned down and grabbed the waistband between two fingertips, lifting them up as delicately as possible.

Did he dare? It was unseemly. But, nobody would know; Will likely wouldn't notice that his clothes had been disturbed at all, and even if he did, he wouldn't ever guess that Hannibal had done something so *lewd* with them.

Gingerly bringing them up to his face, not daring to let his skin touch, Hannibal gave Will's boxers a cursory sniff. Will's scent washed over him immediately, filling his nostrils and

tickling his palate. It made him hungry for more.

That one harmless little sniff was not so harmless now. Hannibal couldn't resist, letting his skin brush the fabric as he inhaled again. Oh, it was so *rich*, so many layers to the scent. A day's worth of Will's musk and sweat and his natural, earthy smell. It was as if he could taste the sultry salt of Will's skin, with his face nestled between his legs, getting drunk on his musk.

He needed to stop before it was too late. The scents were seducing him already. But surely, if he wanted to indulge himself, it would be harmless, wouldn't it? Will would never have to know, after all. Without much thought at all, Hannibal began to touch himself – through his pants at first, then against his better judgment exposing his erection to touch himself more directly. He meandered out of the bathroom and went to sit down on the edge of Will's bed, still holding his underwear in one hand. He leaned back comfortably, inhaling the smell of Will while he worked his cock in long, slow strokes.

Hannibal closed his eyes. He was simply allowing himself to become enveloped in Will's scent, letting his other senses fade into the background. Dangerous, perhaps, considering he didn't know exactly when Will was due to come home. How horrid would it be if he walked in on Hannibal doing something like this?

Hannibal felt arousal surge through him at the thought. It should have been humiliating even to think about, but imagining it only turned him on instead. Will walking in on him doing something so lascivious, seeing him exposed like this...

“...Hannibal?”

Hannibal kept his eyes closed, for a moment thinking it was still in his imagination, before he suddenly alerted. Will was standing in his bedroom doorway, eyebrows raised as he stared at Hannibal, nothing but surprised. Hannibal froze instantly. How could he have not noticed Will coming home? This couldn't be happening, it couldn't –

“Are those...*my* underwear?” Asked Will. Hannibal was still clutching them next to his face.

“Will, I...” He said in a trembling voice. His face was hot and his dick even hotter. “I'm sorry.” Was all he managed to say. Clearing his throat, he hastily covered himself, trying to salvage any semblance of modesty he may have had left.

Will walked towards him. Hannibal tried to stand up, and Will gently pushed him back down. “Stay there.” Will ordered, in a rough voice that felt like nails scraping down Hannibal's back. He looked Hannibal over with dark, hungry eyes. “Keep touching yourself.” He murmured. Hannibal's breath caught deep in his chest and stayed there.

“Will, this is...” He tried to protest.

“Keep touching yourself.” Will repeated. “Pretend like I'm not here.” Hannibal shut his eyes, feeling his heart in his throat. He began to stroke himself again, his hands almost trembling as he did so. He buried his nose in Will's boxers again in an attempt to ignore the man standing right in front of him. The stale smell of musk on his underwear was now mingling with the

fresh and vivid smell of Will sitting right next to him. Hannibal's cock was leaking and twitching, his body horribly aroused.

He could hear Will unbuckling his belt and unzipping his pants as he watched. Then he started touching himself, low growls coming from his mouth as he stroked. Hannibal couldn't ignore it. “Oh, Will...” He gasped. Opening his eyes, he saw Will standing above him, rubbing his cock while he watched Hannibal do the same.

How shameful. Will would never forget this. He would forever see Hannibal as filthy, a degenerate, the kind of man who came into someone else's house and sniffed their dirty underwear while jerking off. Hannibal stroked harder while he thought of it. How disgusting he was.

“Are you gonna come?” Asked Will breathily. Hannibal nodded. “Good.” Growled Will. “Keep sniffing those boxers while you do.”

Hannibal nestled his face deep in Will's underwear and moaned into them, unable to breathe anything other than air thick with Will's day-old scent. He came, shooting all over his hand and onto his pants, with the scent and taste clogging his airways. Will came a minute or so later, also spilling onto Hannibal's cock.

Maybe it wasn't so bad that he got caught, after all.

Titfucking

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Titfucking
Also Contains: N/A
the tits return. one of the prompts on the lists i referenced was 'boobs' and i thought 'yah ok i can work with this'

“I wanna fuck your tits.”

The words tumbled ungracefully from Will's mouth, quiet and almost stilted. It was a dirty confession, something he wanted to say but wasn't sure Hannibal wanted to hear.

It wasn't that he thought Hannibal would deny him - no, he didn't doubt the man would allow him to have what he wanted – it was just...

A bit unusual. Perhaps not the most unusual, but it wasn't something two men like them would typically do. Of course, the pair of them were rather unconventional in many regards already, so a bit of experimentation would seem only appropriate.

However, Hannibal's propensity for propriety made him...difficult to pin down, at times. It was hard to tell how he would react to Will saying things like “I want to fuck your tits”.

“Oh?” Hannibal purred. “Do you?”

“Y...Yeah.” Murmured Will.

“You want to slide your cock right here?” Said Hannibal rather seductively, pulling his unbuttoned shirt to the side to give Will a good look at his chest, the valley between his firm, round tits brushed with grizzled hair.

Will would be lying if he said he hadn't thought about how that chest hair would feel on his cock. Would it be abrasive, or would that scratchy feeling only serve to accentuate the pleasure? He bit his lip while he ogled that spot, thinking about how perfectly his cock would fit there.

Hannibal pulled his shirt even further open. “Why don't you?” He proposed. A good question indeed.

Will let his lecherous hands find purchase on Hannibal's chest, groping him hungrily for a moment before ordering, “Take your shirt off and lie down.” As he was instructed, Hannibal pulled his dress shirt off his shoulders and then laid himself out on the bed. Will wanted to

climb on top of him right away, but was fortunately able to stop himself and take his clothes off first, struggling out of his pants impatiently with his cock already half hard.

Once he'd finished stripping himself down, he immediately brought his attention back to Hannibal, who was laying back comfortably, watching him with mild amusement. His firm pecs rose and fell with every deep breath, his warm maroon lips gently parted as he inhaled and exhaled. It was almost hypnotizing to watch. Will grabbed both of them roughly and leaned down to suck his nipple for a moment.

He let go of it after a second, getting up and swinging his leg over Hannibal's stomach to sit astride him. Will kept squeezing Hannibal's tits, kneading them greedily like bread dough. They felt perfect in his hands. Hannibal only grunted at this rough treatment, perhaps feeling a little disrespected by how Will was manhandling him, or perhaps just being turned on by it.

Will felt impatient, wanting to get on with it, but realized he needed something to lube up with. Lube would work, but oil would be better. That meant he had to get up again, though, which was a nuisance. “You have any body oil lying around somewhere?” Will asked rather gruffly.

“There should be some massage oil in the bathroom, with my things.” Said Hannibal. A fortunate circumstance, since Will doubted Hannibal would ever let him use his expensive cooking oil for something like this. Will raced to get it before hungrily pouncing back on top of Hannibal, without any grace dripping a bit of the oil into the deep furrow between his pecs. He savored the feeling of rubbing it into his skin, watching the way it glistened as he spread the oil all across his chest. He spent a bit of extra time massaging, being less aggressive this time and just making Hannibal feel comfortable.

As he did so, he toyed with his nipples carefully, watching the subtle twitches of his face in response. It was unfair, after all, that Hannibal should get nothing during all this. After a minute, Will, yet again getting impatient, stopped and switched attention towards his cock, quickly stroking himself to full hardness.

He slapped his cock against the rut between Hannibal's pecs, feeling the hot skin there still soft with oil. Will dribbled a little bit more oil on his cock before he started slowly thrusting back and forth in that little spot. The chest hair felt a little bit rough, scratching against his sensitive cock, but he didn't mind it. Will grabbed Hannibal's tits in his hands and pushed them together so that they cupped him better. They weren't as big as a proper pair of tits, but it was amazing how well they cradled his cock.

Will thrust forward and dragged back, making short, sharp thrusts. Hannibal coaxed him to let go of his chest, so that he could hold it himself, squeezing his pecs as hard around Will as was possible. God, it was hot to look at – Will loved fucking Hannibal's perfect tits like this. Hannibal sat there, accepting it, even seeming to enjoy it himself. Hot, firm muscle enveloped Will's shaft, chest hair rubbing beneath it.

Will thrust hard and the tip of his hard cock nearly brushed Hannibal's lips. Hannibal craned his neck as well as he could to lick it. Will thrust back and forth again, Hannibal licking him again when the tip of his cock pushed through his tits. He stopped there for a moment, letting

Hannibal suck it, before pulling it out of his mouth with a backwards thrust. Then he shoved it forward again to let Hannibal lick, continuing this pattern.

It was *so* fucking hot. Will gave several short, hard thrusts, shoving the tip of his cock hard against Hannibal's mouth. He grabbed Hannibal by his shoulders as he fucked his tits, thrusting harder and harder until he quickly and unexpectedly hurtled into his climax. Will, having not quite imagined he would come so easily, gasped as he suddenly felt the pleasure light up his body. His seed shot out heavily over Hannibal's face and his chest, painting him a milky white. Hannibal's hands finally relaxed, and Will watched his own cum slowly leaking into that convenient furrow on his chest. Will shuffled backwards to start licking it off his tits, ignoring the faint taste of the oil that lingered with it.

Hannibal looked down at him, seeming content, but obviously unsatisfied on his own part. With a smirk, he teasingly asked, “What part of you should I fuck now?”

Writing on Skin

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Writing on Skin
Also Contains: Dom Will/Sub Hannibal, Mirror, Humiliation

Hannibal sat on the floor, on his knees, in front of his large standing mirror. An image of him stared back at himself, sitting calmly at attention with his shoulders squared and his hands resting on his knees. Ever proper and composed.

Will stood next to him, fully clothed and fully upright, both subtle assertions of his dominance and control over the situation. His eyes were on Hannibal, with a very arrogant smirk in control of his face. Without speaking, Will produced a pen from his pocket – specially chosen for this occasion – and uncapped it. Hannibal knew what was coming, and he confronted it with dignity and acquiescence.

Will stood in front of him, leaning down with pen in hand to make swift, calculated marks across his chest, right on his collarbones. Hannibal did not look down at him as he did so. When Will rose back up, Hannibal saw the writing clearly in the mirror. It was backwards to him, but he could read it.

“What does that say?” Will asked him. It was simply not enough to make Hannibal read it, but he had to say it as well.

“Cum slut.” Said Hannibal, managing a completely dry, unenthused voice which betrayed no particular feelings towards the words one way or another. Will raised his eyebrows slightly, obviously disappointed with Hannibal's apparent lack of interest. Apparently, he would need to escalate things somewhat.

Will held Hannibal's head back and took the pen to his throat; Hannibal felt the pressure of it with every stroke. “What does that say?” Asked Will, more sternly this time.

“Whore.” Hannibal read, staring headlong into his reflection. Normally, he tried to avoid vulgar language when he could, and the word would certainly never have left his lips in polite company. When he was alone with Will, things were typically different, but here he was careful to take no pleasure in saying it. Anything written on his body was an insult being levied against him. Or, rather, a *label* being quite directly laid onto him. There was no room for discussion – if Will decided he was a whore, then he became a whore.

And Hannibal would accept it, without argument. Will recognized this as no small gesture of submission from him – and he would no doubt try to push it as far as he could. Will promptly leaned down and began to inscribe yet another disparagement onto his skin, this time in the

region of his left shoulder. Hannibal had to turn his body slightly to read it, but when Will asked again, he diligently read off, *"Bitch."*

Will continued, adding *'cock hungry'*, *'bad boy'*, and *'naughty'* to his front, after each one making him continue to read it out loud. Then he moved on, parting Hannibal's legs to get access to his thighs. He scrawled the words *'fuck me'* across Hannibal's inner thigh, his handwriting even more crude than usual. Hannibal had to look down at an awkward angle to read it.

"Fuck me." He murmured, sounding more defeated now, quite possibly trying to be pathetic on purpose. Will did not relent.

"Stand up." He ordered gruffly. "Bend over." Hannibal obeyed curtly, leaning over so that his hands rested on the wall to either side of the mirror. Now, he couldn't see what Will was writing. "So much space." Will teased. "What do you think I should write on your ass? Hmm?"

Hannibal made a sullen face in the mirror. "Whatever you want." He answered blandly. Will spanked him hard, likely in an attempt to get him to 'perk up' a bit. Hannibal started when Will hit him, only gave him an expression of vague disdain.

"How about *'spank me'*?" Will suggested, although he knew full well that Hannibal wouldn't argue with him. When he felt the pen on the left side of his ass, Hannibal knew what he was writing. "There we go." Said Will. "Now how about the other side? What about something like *'cum inside'*?"

Hannibal accepted it silently. He didn't have to read it, anyway; everything written on his backside was purely for Will's benefit. And Will certainly seemed to be benefiting, as he hardly spoke while he wrote *'insert cock here'* right at the base of Hannibal's spine, with a cheeky little arrow pointing downwards toward his hole. After that, he moved back to his inner thighs to add *'free hole'* across from *'fuck me'*.
"Now anyone who looks at you will know what you are." Will growled. "A cheap whore. How does that make you feel, huh?"

Will was staring at Hannibal's face in the mirror, watching his expression carefully. Hannibal remained unflinching. "Answer me, slut." Will insisted, grabbing Hannibal by his throat.

"*Dirty*." Hannibal groaned. Not dishonest of him.

"Good." Spat Will. He remained silent as he yet against stared at Hannibal in the mirror, before suddenly cracking a shifty smile. "Actually, there's one thing I forgot." He chuckled darkly. He made Hannibal back up for a moment, brandishing his pen at Hannibal's face. Hannibal closed his eyes as it went towards his forehead. When he opened his eyes, it took him a moment to interpret the reversed letters on his own face in the mirror.

"What does that say?" Purred Will.

"Property of Will Graham."

Food Play

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Food Play
Also Contains: Oral Sex, Rimming, food getting eaten off of the body/off of the ass/out of the ass
sorry i was too eepy to 100% finish this one yesterday. this was also an idea i'd had before but never thought i would actually write down since it's wild lmao.

Will had prepared dessert.

It wasn't much, but hopefully Hannibal would appreciate it. Of course, Will wasn't anywhere near the caliber of cook Hannibal was, and he definitely worried about appealing to his discerning tastes. He was more so banking on the idea that Hannibal would simply appreciate the gesture and the intent behind it.

An intent which was not entirely innocent. In fact, it was quite the opposite; making dessert wasn't just a nice gesture meant to charm Hannibal, but rather a...particular kind of sexual provocation. Hannibal would figure it out when Will came out into the dining room wearing only an apron, blushing slightly from the feeling of cool air surrounding his naked ass and genitals. The light touch of pink on his cheeks certainly added to the look.

Hannibal watched him with his eyebrows raised, a curious and slightly amused smile on his face. Will diligently brought out a plate of strawberries, the freshest and reddest ones he could possibly get with them being out of season. They were arranged in a circle around a small bowl of cold whipped cream.

“Strawberries and cream?” Asked Hannibal, with a short chuckle. “You're spoiling me.” In reality, it was a simple table setting for dessert, a bit unsophisticated for someone of such refined tastes as Hannibal. He might describe it as 'quaint' – if it wasn't obvious to him that there was something more going on here.

“I am indeed.” Will happily agreed. Will reached behind himself and untied the knot on his apron, letting it slowly fall to the ground. Then, being as careful as possible, Will swung himself onto the table, nude and fully on display. He had made sure he was freshly shaven and *thoroughly* clean before attempting this little endeavor.

“Am I meant to eat you too?” Hannibal asked, at least mostly joking. He stood up and advanced towards Will, with slow, measured steps. Will gave him a coy fluttering of the eyelashes.

“You can eat whatever you like.” He said. Hannibal leaned down to kiss him on the lips. Then, leaning back, he swiped up a bit of whipped cream on two of his fingertips and stuck them into Will's mouth. Will understood what he was being prompted to do and licked it up eagerly. He suckled at Hannibal's fingers provocatively, and Hannibal responded by sliding them deeper into his mouth, just until he tickled the back of his throat. Will accepted it submissively as Hannibal began to gently fuck his mouth with his fingers.

Pulling them out, Hannibal held Will's jaw and gazed into his big blue doe eyes. He scooped up a little bit more whipped cream and placed it into Will's mouth before swooping in with a kiss to share it with him. “The cream tastes lovely.” Hannibal remarked. “You whipped it yourself?”

“Mm-hm. Harder than it looks.” Will chuckled. He'd messed it up a little the first time, but the second batch seemed to turn out okay in the end. Not that it was the focal point of this exercise, anyway.

Will leaned forward to pick up a little bit of the cream himself, gently applying it to the areas around his nipples. He then made a show of sucking the last traces off of his fingers. Hannibal laughed at him, understanding the provocation being given. His mouth landed on Will's neck and then his collarbone before he made his way down to his nipples, swiftly sucking before thoroughly laving them both.

This was going well so far, in spite of Will's doubts. Encouraged, Will applied whipped cream to himself more liberally, down below his navel and right above his cock. Hannibal continued to follow the trail down his body, kissing and licking it up so delicately, somehow managing to do it in a way that looked graceful despite how crude and messy an act it was.

Hannibal grabbed a strawberry, dipping it into the pool of cream before offering it to Will, who happily bit into it. Will actually liked strawberries quite a lot, and the homemade whipped cream was a nice addition. Hannibal swiped a bit of cream onto the tip of Will's cock; it was quite cold. The contrast between the coolness and the sudden warmth of Hannibal's mouth on the tip of his cock made him squirm a little bit. Hannibal sucked him enthusiastically, taking Will's half-hard cock as deep into his mouth as he could, causing Will to moan with strawberry juice still heavy on his tongue.

Hannibal seemed to enjoy this little game, as he paused sucking to get a little more cream to show Will where he'd like to lick next. He was not so delicate this time, smearing it all over Will's balls and even up his shaft a little again; it was still fresh and cold and quite the sensation on his warm and sensitive balls and cock. Hannibal lapped it up gladly, his hot tongue snaking through the sea of soft cream to lick it all off of his balls.

Once he'd cleaned them, Will's cock was hard and twitching against his stomach. Hannibal took a bit more cream and moved it down below Will's balls, rubbing it around his rim and then pushing his finger inside, lubricated by the whipped cream. It felt even colder on the inside of his hole, and he let out a little whimper. Hannibal nosed right between Will's legs to lick his rim now, growling a little as he very enthusiastically licked it clean. Within a moment his tongue had pushed inside, thrusting in and out while he picked up even more of the rapidly-melting whipped cream.

Will stroked himself slowly as Hannibal licked him; he thought Hannibal might be all but done, but the man reached over and grabbed a strawberry from the plate. “Beautiful strawberries, Will.” Hannibal remarked, admiring the candy-red fruit in his hand. With a devilish glint in his eyes, he moved it down between Will's legs, and before Will could even quite realize what was happening, Hannibal was beginning to push it inside his hole. Will flinched a little, not expecting it, but allowed it anyway.

Hannibal's tongue tickled his rim again. Will stroked his cock and gently let his hole twitch open; the strawberry, which had been pushed just barely inside, came back out without resistance, right into Hannibal's waiting mouth. Hannibal looked up at Will as he ate it.

It took Will's breath away. He never would have imagined Hannibal doing anything so depraved. It was the hottest thing he'd ever seen.

He let out a soft, incredulous chuckle. “A lot more strawberries over there.”

Choking

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Choking
Also Contains: Anal Sex, Top Hannibal/Bottom Will

Moonlight streamed through the open windows of Will Graham's home, bathing the two nude bodies entangled on the floor in a soft white glow. Will's nails scored Hannibal's back as the other man fucked into him at a frantic, feral pace. Will admired the way the beads of sweat gleamed like diamonds as they rolled down his face and dripped off his jaw. It was rare to see Hannibal like this, so wholly feral and uninhibited, discarding his 'person suit' in its entirety.

Will moaned loudly, gripping onto Hannibal's back as if his life depended on it. Hannibal's skin was searing hot and sticky with sweat, and Will could feel his shoulder blades shifting underneath. The man's face was curled into a permanent grimace – or perhaps more like a *snarl*. The way his lip was perpetually curled made him look even more like an animal. His brown eyes were nearly black, his pupils blown about as wide as they could get.

Will was looking up at him like he was the most beautiful thing on earth. The look Hannibal was giving him back was empty and savage, eyes glazed over like he was in a trance. His savage beast, awakened by the light of the full moon.

He was close; Will could tell from how erratic his movements were getting, among other things. Will kept his legs wrapped firmly around Hannibal's waist, heels digging into him to spur him on. Hannibal growled, chest heaving, as he fucked, slowing down for a moment as if to catch his breath.

“Come on.” Grunted Will, short but encouraging. “Just a little more.” Hannibal's eyes lit up for a moment, as if angered by Will's encouragement. All at once he gave a violent thrust of his arm and suddenly one of his formidable hands was wrapped right around Will's throat, just below his jaw. The pressure was sudden and intense, immediately cutting off Will's airway. A sharp gasp was all the air he managed to inhale before it became almost impossible to breathe.

“Yes-” He panted out. “Yeh...Yeh...” He tried to form the word again but couldn't get enough air in to say it. Will's pale face turned red very quickly, the crimson flush spreading out from his cheeks to overtake his entire face. He could feel his pulse throbbing in his throat as Hannibal squeezed it. And he wasn't relenting, either – if anything, he was slowly squeezing harder, like a snake constricting its prey.

Will was lightheaded. Hannibal was fucking him harder than ever, skin slapping on skin in a furious rhythm. His grip seemed to tremble, faltering for a moment, as he came with a harsh,

rough moan. When his chokehold relented, Will took deep breaths, sucking in as much air as possible while he had the opportunity.

Trembling, Hannibal looked down at Will through the haze of his post-orgasm high. Without missing a beat, he started thrusting again, even after climaxing, no doubt sending sparks through his oversensitive cock. At the same time, he squeezed Will's throat again, once more taking his breath away.

Will wrapped a hand around his cock, swollen and throbbing needily, and stroked himself at a fervid pace. It became staggered as his head began to spin again. Thankfully, it didn't take much to get him there. His eyes rolled upwards as he very nearly lost consciousness, unable to cry out in the throes of his orgasm, which raced up and down his entire body like a jolt of lightning. The intensity made it feel like he was burning up from the inside out.

Then, all at once, the world came back to him. Cold air surged into his lungs automatically when Hannibal's forceful grip relaxed, and Will, though dizzy, was still there. He inhaled heavily and harshly, savoring the feeling of being able to breathe once more. Hannibal leaned down and kissed his trembling lips.

Cuffs

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Cuffs
Also Contains: Blowjobs, under-table blowjob, Begging
hannibal visits will while he's incarcerated to give him the succ

A chain rattled as Will Graham pulled against it, his cuffs still firmly anchored to the table – a foolish precaution to keep him 'contained'. The same kinds of precautions were taken for just about all the patients, but especially the ones that were considered particularly dangerous, like Will.

Of course, such restraints only worked as long as his visitors kept themselves on the opposite side of the table. Hannibal had somewhat of a habit of violating the typical security protocols – or, at least he did with Will. It was more trust than most were willing to extend to him, or perhaps simply an extension of his arrogance. Or, the third option was that he simply knew he didn't have anything to fear from Will.

It was a bit harder to fear him when his hands were cuffed to a table, Will supposed. He pulled on the cuffs again, despite knowing there was no way they were coming off. Hannibal, in an act that *very* much violated security protocols, was underneath the table, and in fact between Will's legs. Having unzipped Will's dingy jumpsuit for him, Hannibal had gone straight for his cock; even if Will hadn't wanted him to, he would've had little recourse, other than perhaps trying feebly to kick him away.

Hannibal hadn't been the one to cuff him, but he was still certainly taking advantage of Will's restrained state. Being cuffed to the table was meant to protect Hannibal from Will, but instead it had left Will as the vulnerable one. Thankfully, it seemed all Hannibal had in mind was sucking him off.

Perhaps there was something about having Will at his whim like this that Hannibal found seductive. A fly looked more appetizing already wrapped in a web – or perhaps it was something more like a coyote with its leg caught in a trap. A beast that was meant to be a predator, but in person was little more than a pest writhing in a snare, showing itself to be easy prey.

Hannibal's mouth slid up and down Will's hard cock with complete ease, as if he were a seasoned expert at sucking cock. He wasn't gagging even when he took Will in nearly to the root. Will couldn't even *see* him; he was just relying entirely on what it felt like. He was also trying not to moan too loudly, on the off chance someone might hear and get suspicious of what was going on in here.

They didn't entirely have a wealth of time to visit with each other, but Hannibal sucked like he knew what he was doing. Hannibal's hand was at the base of Will's cock, holding it still while he took it deep into his mouth on every stroke. Will sank his teeth into his lip in an attempt to keep himself silent. His legs shifted restlessly, but Hannibal lifted a hand in an attempt to keep them spread nicely for him.

“So eager.” He heard Hannibal purr from underneath the table. His hand stroked up and down Will's cock several times to make up for the absence of his mouth. “I can tell you're pent up.” Hannibal sounded downright delighted at the observation. He took Will back into his mouth with a soft, pleased moan.

“Y-Yeah,” Will stuttered. “Fuck, your mouth feels so good.” He hissed, trying to keep quiet enough the noise wouldn't travel outside the room but still loud enough Hannibal could hear. “I'm getting so close.”

“Mm, yes you are.” Remarked Hannibal in delight. “You want to come?”

“Fuck, yes, I wanna come.”

“*Manners*, dear Will.” Huffed Hannibal in fake indignation. He toyed with Will's cock a little, but did not put it back in his mouth. Will tugged against his chained cuffs one more time, somehow forgetting they were chained up. If they'd been free, he could've easily grabbed Hannibal by his head and shoved his cock right back into his mouth, but as it was he was rather unable to even finish himself off. If Hannibal didn't allow him to come, then he wasn't going to come.

“Please.” Will moaned with a huff of annoyance. That apparently wasn't quite enough for Hannibal. “*Please*.” Will repeated, more emphatically this time.

“Please what, dear?”

“Please let me come.” Will whimpered, allowing himself to sound pathetic in fear that Hannibal would legitimately not allow him to come if he felt Will wasn't pleading hard enough. When Hannibal did not relent, Will continued, “Please – please, I want to come. Please, Doctor Lecter.”

That last *'doctor Lecter'* seemed to be a good enough appeal to Hannibal's ego, as he quietly slipped Will's cock back into his mouth and began to suck him in earnest, fucking his throat with Will's shaft. Will balled his fists, hands still helpless, as he came hopelessly hard into Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal accepted it, swallowing hard around Will's shaft, gladly taking every drop of his spend.

Now satisfied, Hannibal quietly cleaned the last drops off his cock and politely tucked it back into his shorts. Then, ever the gentleman, he got out, stood up, and reached across the table to help Will zip up his jumpsuit – just in time for security to come escort him away.

Pillow Humping

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Pillow Humping
Also Contains: Voyeurism, Masturbation

Hannibal was glad to be home. He loved to travel, certainly, but when it was for business, it was seldom so exciting. And, perhaps more importantly, his dear Will had been missing him quite a lot in his absence. It stood to reason that he would be quite happy about the fact that Hannibal had actually managed to get back ahead of schedule. Will wasn't expecting him until the morning, but he'd arrived several hours earlier at a little past midnight. Hannibal hadn't told him, though; he was hoping to surprise Will.

He entered the house quietly. He thought that Will might very well be asleep already, and if he was Hannibal didn't want to rudely wake him. Although Will *was* a bit of a night owl sometimes, so it was also quite possible he was still up. Leaving his bags in the living room, Hannibal slowly made his way through the house, still taking care to be quiet while he looked for Will.

When he came up to the bedroom door, it was ajar, almost completely open. Hannibal could hear movement inside, though, which meant Will was not asleep. He peered in cautiously and saw Will laying in bed on his stomach, his back arching in a slow rhythm. He was in his nightclothes, but he was certainly not asleep.

Hannibal heard him moan softly; from that alone, it was obvious enough what he was doing. Well, Hannibal would have to go sit down in the living room and wait a few minutes before he decided to come get in bed. It was best not to be a voyeur.

Best, perhaps, but Hannibal was curious. He lingered for a moment, watching Will. It seemed Will had taken the pillow off of his side of the bed and now had it between his legs, humping it through his boxers. He was panting and moaning softly in time with his thrusts; of course, he hadn't expected that there would be anyone around to hear him.

Too horny to wait until Hannibal came back, apparently. He must have been so needy and desperate, to sit here humping his pillow like an adolescent. Hannibal had left him alone for a week, and now he was too pent-up to hold himself back. Hannibal enjoyed seeing it, even if it did feel a bit sadistic to revel in.

“Hannibal...” Will moaned his name, and for a moment Hannibal was taken aback, thinking that perhaps Will had noticed him. However, Will seemed to still be quite focused on humping his pillow, and gave no indication he knew anything was amiss. No, it seemed that

Will was instead simply moaning Hannibal's name in pleasure, as if he were imagining that it was Hannibal he was straddling and humping instead of a pillow.

It felt nice to hear Will moan his name, to know that he was thinking of him. Hannibal sneakily slipped a hand inside his pants, palming himself while he watched Will fuck his pillow. A shame he couldn't see his face from this angle; it would be so fine to watch his expression contort, biting his lip and furrowing his brow as he ground and ground onto the soft, welcoming pillow below him. Although, Hannibal did have a nice view of Will's round, perky ass showing through his little white boxer shorts.

Will continued to thrust more vigorously, moaning as he did so. It was almost as if he knew someone was listening. However, Will was quite vocal in general, so it was equally likely it was just him expressing himself. Will's moans suddenly increased in intensity, stuttering out, “F-Fuck, fuck...” as his rapid humping reached a crescendo. His orgasmic sounds aroused Hannibal even more, and he continued stroking himself in his pants.

He watched as Will collapsed on top of the pillow, breathing deeply. He'd no doubt made a mess coming in his boxers, so he would likely be getting up any moment now to clean himself and clean up the bed – which meant Hannibal had to get out of here quickly. Stepping softly, he scurried back into the living room, taking a seat and continuing to attend to his hard cock. He heard the shower running in the other room as he toyed with himself, and relaxed slightly, knowing he had a little bit of time while Will was in the shower.

Hannibal finished himself off quickly, cleaning up with some tissues and then making his way into the bedroom, where he got dressed in his sleepwear and climbed into bed, calmly waiting for Will to get out of the shower. At least he'd still be able to surprise him!

Wax Play

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Wax Play
Also Contains: Bondage

“You're sure this is safe?” Murmured Will nervously. He had already asked the exact same question several times before, and he knew he wasn't about to get a different answer this time. He was just looking for the reassurance.

“You are safe.” Hannibal said calmly. Giving Will a bit of a side-eye, he continued with, “If you don't want to do this, now would be the time to say so.”

Will nodded a little, not wanting to irritate Hannibal any further. “Go ahead.” He urged. Hannibal softened to him, his stern expression relaxing slightly.

“You will be alright, Will.” He continued. “Just relax and allow yourself to enjoy the sensation.” Will watched him closely as he picked up a long candle from beside the bed, which had already been burning to slowly melt the wax. Will had already been bound in place on the bed, a plastic sheet beneath him to protect the bed from being violated by any errant drops of wax. Hannibal had left Will's mouth free, if only to allow him to feel just a little bit safer. Either that, or he just wanted to be able to hear Will scream.

The candle, made of a rather soft wax, began to melt very quickly. Will stared at the reflection of the flame in Hannibal's pupils, watching the way it danced excitedly like a tiny spark at the center of his eyes. He tried not to pay attention to where Hannibal was holding the candle, so he could avoid some of the anxiety over where the wax would land. Nevertheless, he still winced when it hit his skin, not able to properly anticipate just how hot it actually was.

It stung sharply for a moment, but the wax cooled quickly on his skin. Before he could really recover, another drip of wax slowly rolled off the tip of the candle and landed on his stomach. Will yelped this time, wincing again as his body tried to escape from the painful sensation. It was probably a good thing he was bound; otherwise he'd have trouble staying put. Now, instead, he was completely helpless to do anything about it.

Perhaps Hannibal enjoyed that. He looked at Will with an expression of admiration, carefully dripping more wax up Will's chest. Will whimpered in pain, then cried out abruptly as one of the drops rolled across his nipple. Searing pain flashed for a moment and then slowly pulsed down to a mere lingering sting as the wax cooled. Hannibal purred and then readied the next drop over his nipple – it narrowly missed, cooling on the hair around it, but Hannibal quickly corrected his mistake.

Another miserable yelp came from Will, with Hannibal not relenting and pouring more wax across his chest. Will just bit his lip as it continued.

“You're doing very good, Will.” Crooned Hannibal softly. “Do you like it?” Will nodded shyly, enchanted by the contrast between the pain and the sweetness of Hannibal's praise.

Hannibal moved the hot candle downwards, towards Will's inner thighs. Will gritted his teeth, imagining how much it would hurt if that hot wax landed on his cock or his balls. A part of him couldn't help but get excited about the prospect, though – sort of like when it had landed on his nipples. Despite his apprehensions and excitements, the wax did not quite grace those parts of him, but landed very close.

Wet, hot wax slowly rolled down his inner thighs, lighting up his skin as it did so. Will's limbs strained against his bonds, frozen and unable to move. His pale skin was speckled with a spattering of red wax across his chest and thighs, a few flecks trailing down his stomach.

“Have you had enough now?” Purred Hannibal, no doubt noticing that Will's cock had gotten rather hard from the pain.

“I can take a little more.” Will assured him, a bit breathless from panting. Hannibal smirked at his attempt to seem resilient.

Hannibal hovered the candle over Will's genitals. “Here?” He asked. Will's eyes flashed with fear.

“A little bit.” Will said in a trembling voice. Hannibal lowered the hot candle, pouring out one test drop onto his balls. Will very nearly screamed, feeling the pain in nearly each and every nerve in his body.

“Ah, I think that might be a bit much for you.” Remarked Hannibal.

Will, breathing shakily, protested, “Just a little more.” It hurt so much, so unbelievably much, but he was *so* aroused and he wanted to come *so* badly. Hannibal scrutinized him for a moment, then gave another cautious drop over Will's cock.

Will sank his teeth into his lip and his hips tried desperately to thrust upwards. He lolled his head to the side, starting to sweat. Another drop, and he writhed in place almost frantically. Then one more, this time accompanied by swift flick of Hannibal's wrist as he stroked Will's cock. Will came almost instantly.

Pale red wax and thick streams of white cum mingled together on his deeply flushed shaft, so sanguine it was almost purplish. Will just shuddered, his body having abruptly relaxed and no longer straining against his bonds.

“So good for me, Will.” Hannibal murmured. “Here, let me clean you up, dear. Let me take care of you.” Will relaxed into Hannibal's soft praise, like a cool balm for his wounds.

Hannibal blew out the candle with a single breath, allowing the wax to cool off, just as Will was.

Hair Pulling

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Hair Pulling
Also Contains: Anal Sex, Mirror Sex, Top Hannibal/Bottom Will
this one is short but I felt that kinda suited the prompt. only a few more days left guys pls help me my brain is meltd

Will hadn't expected to find himself here, bent at the waist over the bathroom counter with Hannibal trying to push him against the mirror.

He really should have known better. Hannibal had a very particular way of getting what he wanted – and it didn't help that he was so irresistible when he was horny. Watching a man so civilized and proper devolve into such a feral creature at the beckoning of his own instincts certainly stirred something within Will. In the past, he would've thought that Hannibal was the type of person who simply never got horny, but that assumption was far from correct; Hannibal was indeed a very sexual individual, and he turned rather bestial when he was horny.

As evidenced by the fact that Hannibal was currently digging his nails into Will's thighs and growling as he fucked him from behind. Like an animal, mounting and breeding. All Will could do was sit there and take it. He enjoyed it, though, especially when he felt Hannibal's mouth on his neck and his shoulder, kissing and nibbling his skin.

Then, all of a sudden, he felt Hannibal's fingers sink through his hair, gripping the loose brown curls and yanking Will's head upwards. Will gasped as Hannibal pulled on his hair quite hard; a few looser threads of hair snapped and came off into his hand. He felt Hannibal's knuckles grind against his scalp.

Hannibal had forced Will to lift his head, so that he was looking at himself in the bathroom mirror. There was a foggy spot where his face had been pushed against it before. He could also see Hannibal behind him, his eyes dark and hair mussed. He looked just as wild and unhinged as Will had imagined him.

Hannibal relaxed his grip on Will's hair, but only a little, combing his fingers through Will's thick waves of warm brown hair. Giving him only a moment of reprieve, he then yanked his hair again, hard enough to cause Will to groan at the pain of it. “Do you like that?” Snarled Hannibal.

“Y...Yes.” Will choked. “More, please.” Hannibal obliged, yanking his head hard again. Will tried not to hump the hard surface of the countertop; it wasn't particularly comfortable to rub his cock against, but he was desperate to feel any sort of friction. Hannibal was still fucking

him aggressively, and the constant thrusts nagging his prostate had him very worked up. “Keep pulling my hair while you fuck me.” He moaned, his leaking cock rubbing all over the counter.

Hannibal growled loud enough Will could hear it from behind him, still steadily tugging on his hair. “Hannibal, I need...I need to come.” Will whined. Sure, he could've tried to make himself come without asking, but he knew that if Hannibal didn't want him to come yet, then he would make sure Will *didn't*. Hannibal groped his ass with his free hand, holding onto his hair with the other.

“Would you like me to pull your hair while you come?” Asked Hannibal.

“Mm-hmm.”

Needing to touch himself, regardless of Hannibal's instructions, Will slid a hand underneath himself and began to stroke his swollen, dripping cock. Hannibal could tell he was getting closer from the way he was shifting restlessly and tightening around him, and jerked his hair harder than ever. Will groaned and came almost immediately, spattering strings of cum all over the nice bathroom counter while he watched his own strained face in the mirror.

Hannibal bottomed out and came not long after, somehow still gripping Will's hair. By the time he let go, Will's neck felt strained from being jerked upwards. Hannibal had no doubt pulled a bit of his hair out. As if to atone, Hannibal gently stroked Will's hair and massaged his now-slightly-sore scalp. Now done, the proper man was beginning to take back over for the animal that came out when he rutted.

Almost a shame, really.

Heels/Boots

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Heels/Boots
Also Contains:
sort of a sequel to the latex one

Hannibal was on his knees. It was where he belonged – at Will's feet, giving him the worship he deserved.

Will's sleek black boots, with their sharp, narrow heels, were certainly worthy of his reverence as well. Hannibal showed his adoration by kissing the shiny, rubbery surface, gently holding his leg as he did so. Will just looked down at him, with his hands on his hips. He certainly knew how to assume this role, acting as if he simply expected subservience in the utmost and would not expect anything less.

Hannibal continued to kiss the top of his foot, wetly and lavishly. Will nudged him with his foot as though impatient, wanting more from him. Hannibal silently continued, reaching out his tongue to lick his shoe now, the already slick surface becoming even slicker and shinier from his saliva. Will lifted his foot and showed Hannibal the bottom of it, pushing the long heel into his mouth. Hannibal fellated it as obscenely as possible, sucking until spit began to drip down his chin.

Then Will pulled it away quite suddenly, leaving Hannibal merely sitting there with his mouth open as if waiting for something else to be shoved inside of it. Will lifted his other foot and put the toe in front of his face; Hannibal understood what he was being prompted to do and mouthed the toe of his boot, unable to truly get it into his mouth due to the size of Will's feet but still covering as much of it as possible.

Will appeared to grow bored of this quickly and put his foot back down. Either that, or he was just uncomfortable balancing on one foot like that. It must have been a bit more difficult with a long, thin heel like the one he was wearing. Such heels made Will look even taller than he already was, enhancing the effect of him towering over Hannibal.

Hannibal cowered down even further, onto the floor, smooching all over Will's shoes. Will, through with this, nudged Hannibal backwards and got him to sit back up. He raised his foot and placed it squarely between Hannibal's legs. He didn't apply too much pressure, really just teasing him with the prospect. Hannibal seemed excited, though, and Will took note of his eager reaction, grinding the toe of his boot even harder against Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal saw the outline of Will's erection through his shiny little shorts, and with a trembling hand reached up in a tentative attempt to touch him. Will allowed him. Hannibal,

growing bolder, rubbed back and forth over the tight fabric. He stroked Will through his shorts, feeling how tense and needy his cock was. In return, Will pushed his shoe further down on Hannibal, applying enough pressure to be quite uncomfortable now.

Hannibal grunted softly, but didn't resist, only jerking Will's cock harder. Will purred happily, grinding on Hannibal's cock with his shoe. It was painful, but Hannibal continued to accept it without complaint. So it continued, Hannibal eagerly pleasing Will and Will grinding and rubbing his heeled boot on Hannibal's cock. Hannibal leaned forward to kiss Will's knee, now nipping the thick material of his boots as well as kissing it. Will trampling him was painful but at the same time arousing him so much he thought he might come from it.

Hannibal gritted his teeth, whimpering slightly as he continued stroking Will. He endured the sensation, not wanting to come before Will, and continued to stroke him as fast as he dared. Thankfully, Will came soon, his tight hotpants trapping all his release inside. Hannibal also came, with a small grunt of discomfort as Will's foot nearly crushed his cock and balls.

Shortly, Will lifted his foot, probably glad to be able to stand normally after balancing on one leg as he had been for so long. Hannibal graced Will's shoe with one last loving kiss.

Chastity

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Chastity
Also Contains: Dom/sub, Dom Hannibal/Sub Will, Butt Plugs/Vibrators, Blowjob, Coming Untouched/Anal Orgasm
three more days to halloween halloween halloween

It was the ultimate gesture of ownership. For as long as that little metal cage was entrapping Will's cock, it no longer belonged to him – it was Hannibal's. And so, by extension, was Will in his entirety.

It felt somewhat strange to Will at first, who had never worn anything like it before. He was dimly aware that chastity devices like this came in variations other than this rather literal steel cage he had been made to wear, but apparently Hannibal had somewhat of a preference for the more medieval style. Nerves had set in once Hannibal had locked him up and tucked the little key away in his pocket; Will had suddenly become very aware of how easily Hannibal could choose to renege on his promises and keep Will locked up for however long he so desired. Relinquishing that level of control over his own body was not easy.

Hannibal had assured Will that he would only have to wear it until the end of the night, and that if he was well-behaved and socialized nicely with others at the party, Hannibal would even let him come.

He had previously been disappointed with Will's unsociable behavior when he brought him to what were supposed to be social functions, and this happened to be a rather easy way of implementing a carrot and stick both at once. As well, it was an opportunity for Hannibal to indulge the more dominant and possessive aspects of himself. Surely he would enjoy standing next to Will and picturing his trapped cock under his clothes, thinking of how thoroughly claimed he was.

Hannibal, the creatively cruel man that he was, had also apparently decided that the cock cage was not enough, and had taken the liberty of filling his hole with a butt plug as well. Not only that, but a *vibrating* plug, which Hannibal also had the controller for. As if he needed even more control over Will's nether regions.

Will spent most of the party silently worrying that Hannibal would turn on the vibrator at any time. It would be a bit easier to hide his pleasure with the cage on, since it prevented him from getting hard, but it would still definitely be a challenge, especially if Hannibal decided to increase the intensity of the vibrations. Just thinking about it stirred him – but fortunately enough, the chastity cage kept him from getting an unwanted erection.

Also fortunately, Hannibal decided not to make things difficult for him this evening. Will remained on his best behavior nonetheless, always at least somewhat conscious of the invisible leash Hannibal had connected to him. At a certain point, he got used to the sensations and almost forgot that he was wearing either the plug or the cage. Getting Will adjusted to wearing the chastity cage had also been part of Hannibal's intention, so he would certainly be pleased with this.

After the party, Hannibal instructed Will to take his clothes off and go wait for him in the bedroom. Will obeyed, still acting on his best behavior. Being stripped down and sitting on his knees made him feel vulnerable and helped him to slip nicely into his sub space.

Will curiously touched the steel cage while he was waiting for Hannibal; it felt quite sturdy, and certainly gave the sensation of being *entrapped*. Serving its purpose, he supposed.

Hannibal returned to Will in a moment, having shed his dinner jacket and rolled up his sleeves. A slight change on the surface, but Will knew that this was in fact an entirely different shade of Hannibal from the prim and proper one which had been socializing with guests at his dinner party only a few minutes earlier.

“Hello, Will.” He greeted Will affectionately, although he had not been gone for all that long. “Have you been good this evening?”

“Yes, sir.” Answered Will obsequiously. Hannibal looked him over, staying silent for a few seconds.

“Hmm, I did promise you I would take your cage off if you were good, didn't I?”

“Yes, sir.” Will nodded, his expression hopeful.

“You think you've been good enough?” Asked Hannibal. Will just looked away shyly. Without warning, Hannibal took the remote controller for the vibrating plug out of his left pocket and turned it on. When it was at a low hum like this, the pleasure was little more than a tickle, but Will knew it wouldn't stay that way for very long.

“Come here.” Hannibal ordered, pointing at a spot right in front of his feet. Will scurried up to him as he was instructed. He watched, inert, as Hannibal slowly undid his belt and unzipped his dress pants, letting his cock peer out of his silk boxers. “Suck.” He commanded Will.

Will obediently suckled Hannibal's soft cock, enjoying the feeling of it gradually getting hard in his mouth. “Good boy.” Hannibal encouraged him, increasing the setting on the vibrator. Will could feel it stimulating his prostate constantly, and his dick was straining against the cage, trying to get erect and failing.

Will wrapped his hand around the base of Hannibal's cock and began to stroke as he sucked, hoping that if he got Hannibal off quickly, he could get let out of the cage quickly as well. “Good boy – not too rough.” Grunted Hannibal. Will moaned around his length. He was all too eager, having been slowly building sexual frustration while his hole squeezed around the

plug throughout the whole dinner party. He squeezed it even harder now, his hole twitching, hungry for more stimulation.

Hannibal gave it to him. It was as if he knew exactly what Will was thinking, when he needed more and when he was satisfied. Will's hips bucked aimlessly as he sloppily sucked Hannibal's cock, whimpering in frustration around the shaft. How perfectly cruel of Hannibal to pleasure him so intensely like this while he was locked up and couldn't get hard, and even more importantly couldn't touch himself to get off.

“So needy, aren't you?” Hannibal remarked. “Just keep sucking. Focus on that.” Will shut his eyes, trying to calm his restless nerves. Hannibal bucked into his throat and he gagged, but did not wince or shy away. The plug was vibrating in a stimulating rhythm now, abating for just long enough to tease before it shocked him with another hard pulse.

“Hannibal -” He tried to beg, but Hannibal cut him off immediately.

“Keep it in your mouth.” Hannibal snapped, shoving his cock crudely back down Will's throat. Will caved, allowing Hannibal to fuck his mouth as hard as he wished. Hannibal was close, he would come soon, and then he would let Will come, right?

“Yes, I'm almost there.” Hannibal reaffirmed. “I'm going to come, and you're going to come too, aren't you Will? You want to come with me?”

Will wanted to protest, to argue that he couldn't, but with Hannibal's cock in his mouth all he could muster was a faint, gurgled whimper. He shut his eyes again as Hannibal buried his cock inside his throat until Will was nearly at the bottom and, gripping a bountiful handful of hair as he did so, came right down his throat.

Will was so aroused; the heat overtook him in a blinding flash and he came, just as Hannibal had instructed him. He came through the cage? He didn't even know he *could* come like this, with his cock not even being fully hard. He hardly even reacted when Hannibal pulled out of his throat, except to suck in a deep breath

“Such a good boy.” Purred Hannibal. “You came for me, and I didn't even have to take your cage off.” He stroked Will's hair slowly as he spoke, as though to comfort him, but Will was more surprised than anything else. “Wearing it isn't so bad, is it?”

“N...No.” Will chirped. “Not so bad, I guess.... But can you still take it off now?”

Roleplay

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Roleplay
Also Contains: Medical Roleplay, Anal Fingering, Prostate Massage, the return of latex gloves
the boys play doctor ;0

“Good evening, Mr. Graham.”

It was strange to hear Hannibal address him in such a formal manner. It almost shocked Will right out of the scene immediately, but he managed to reel himself back in. He cleared his throat and choked out an awkward, *“Good evening.”* in response.

“Come in. Have a seat.” Said Hannibal, gesturing Will into the bedroom. Will politely stepped inside, looking around for a moment before stepping over towards the bed and taking a seat on the edge of it.

He had never really tried any sort of roleplay this involved before. Sure, he and Hannibal had engaged in the typical dominant-and-submissive play, but this was something a bit different. Will was interested in trying something new, though, and what kind of roleplay better suited the two of them than a doctor and his patient?

“You're here for a prostate examination, correct?” Asked Hannibal, rather bluntly.

“Y...Yes.” Replied Will, rather awkwardly.

“I apologize -” Hannibal quickly corrected himself. “Was I too brusque?” He looked Will up and down a few times,

“N-No, sorry.” Will was quickly characterizing his role as rather bashful and socially awkward, which wasn't necessarily a bad thing; it gave him a lot of grace when it came to being unsure of himself, and allowed Hannibal to take more control of the scene. “It's just, ah, a little embarrassing.” Admitted Will, coyly rubbing the side of his neck.

Hannibal nodded shortly in understanding. “I see. Well, you don't need to be embarrassed.” He said, although he was still using a cool, clinical sort of voice that made his words a bit less reassuring. “The digital rectal exam may be a bit invasive, but it is a normal medical procedure. It should be over quickly.” Hannibal quickly turned to get his latex gloves and his lube, idly asking, “Could you remind me what kinds of symptoms you've been having?”

Will stuttered out his list of vague symptoms of prostate issues, which he only narrowly managed to remember. Hannibal nodded along with his nonsense. “I see.” He said again. “It

sounds like it could be prostatitis. You'll likely need more tests to confirm, though." Will eyed Hannibal nervously as he pulled on his latex gloves.

"I'll need you to pull down your pants and underwear for me." Said Hannibal gently. Will, so in character he actually felt nervous, gently pulled his pants down over his ass and rolled over to sit on his hands and knees. He heard Hannibal lube up his gloved finger...or fingers, as it were. Will had no idea how many he was going to try to insert. "This might be a little cold." Hannibal warned him. His fingertip gently graced Will's rim, circling around it in a teasing way Will knew a doctor would never try – not with any chaste intentions, at least. Will gave a truly embarrassing whimper when Hannibal's finger pressed inside his entrance.

"Have you been having any discomfort when you ejaculate?" Asked Hannibal, perhaps noticing how well-fucked and accepting Will's hole seemed to be.

Hannibal knew right where Will's prostate was, and he found it immediately, teasing and tickling that sensitive little sweet spot and forcing Will to bite his lip to keep himself from moaning. "Uhh, n-not really." Will answered impulsively, just trying to keep his mind off of how good Hannibal's finger felt inside him. He was already clutching the bedsheets in his fists.

Hannibal just purred out a thoughtful little *"Hmm."* as he continued prodding Will's prostate. He knew just how to tease him, well-practiced at working Will up. It was taking everything the usually vocal Will had not to moan out loud. "It feels rather normal..." Hannibal murmured to himself, not-so-shyly slipping in a second finger. Will's hole accepted it without resistance, hungry to be filled more.

His cock was already starting to get hard. He knew Hannibal would notice. Will tried to shy away a little, feeling rather exposed and more than a little bit ashamed. "There's no need to be worried, William." Hannibal said silkily, this time not addressing Will by his last name but his full first name, which felt even more bizarre. "It's not so uncommon to get an erection while being examined." Will blushed, feeling rather sluttish, as if what Hannibal was doing to him was truly just an innocuous examination.

"Your prostate seems to be quite healthy." Remarked Hannibal. He still had not withdrawn his fingers. "But I think you knew that already." Will could hear the smirk in his voice as he spoke this time. "I think you've been feeling fine this whole time, and you just wanted to be examined by a handsome doctor."

Despite the fact that they both already knew each other's intentions, Will couldn't help but feel that he'd been caught out. He blushed even more deeply than he'd already been, shyly admitting, "Ah... you've caught me." Then, with an awkward chuckle, he asked, "...What now?"

"Well, as it happens, I rather enjoy playing with this needy little hole of yours." Hannibal said in a low, rumbling voice. Will could tell, since Hannibal was still rubbing his prostate, and it was damn near driving him crazy. "If you'd like to touch yourself, I wouldn't mind that." Hannibal instructed him gently. Will reached down and began to stroke his stiff cock, already very excited from the way Hannibal was playing with him.

At least now, Will didn't have to worry about whether or not he was making noise. Will moaned needily, stroking himself faster and faster while Hannibal continued to pleasure his prostate – sometimes slowing down a little, then suddenly hammering on it quickly to drive him crazy. Will wanted to savor and make it last, but he was so turned on he couldn't resist and quickly caved, squeezing tight around Hannibal's fingers as he came with a sharp cry.

Hannibal didn't relent until Will was more than done, surreptitiously taking his member out of his pants and hungrily pressing the head against Will's opening. Will just twitched, letting out a little gasp as his body invited Hannibal inside.

He swiftly buried his thick cock inside Will's welcoming hole, fucking him hard and fast before coming in nearly record time. A good thing for Will's overstimulated prostate, at least.

“Th-thank you doctor.” Will slurred, his sweating face pressed into the sheets. “I feel much better now.”

(Dildo) Knotting

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Dildo/Knotting
Also Contains: Sex Machine, Light petplay
i've already written about hannibal getting his hole wrecked by a big knot dildo so it's will's turn now ;-)

Will sat on his hands and knees, naked and vulnerable in the 'doggystyle' position. Almost funny it was called that, considering what was waiting right behind him, firmly affixed to the sex machine.

A large dildo with a thick shaft and an even girthier knot, modeled loosely after a canine cock. A dildo which was poised and ready to push inside his hole and fuck him absolutely silly.

Will was certainly excited to take it, but felt his fair share of trepidation as well. He had stretched his hole a little beforehand, so he knew at least the shaft of the dildo would go in without too much of an issue – but the knot, on the other hand, was a different story.

This would be a new experience for him in more ways than one. He had used the sex machine once or twice before, but this time was made distinctly different by the fact that *Hannibal* was in control of it. And he certainly wasn't going to go easy on Will.

Hannibal sat near him, looking down on him from a perch on the edge of the bed. “Are you ready, Will?” He asked rather casually.

“Yeah.” Said Will, nodding his head quickly. Hannibal smirked. Without saying anything, he began to lubricate the dildo; Will could hear the slick sound as he slathered both shaft and knot with a copious amount of lube. Better too much than not enough, he supposed.

Hannibal helped guide the tip of the dildo into Will's hole; the pointed end slipped in easily as Will pushed back on it. Hannibal, very familiar with the sex machine's settings, started it off at a slow pace. The shaft was relatively short, and even with shallow thrusts Will could feel the knot brushing up against his ass. It was far from slipping in just yet, but it was still a nagging reminder of its presence. Then it sped up, the knot knocking against him with every jab forward. Will continued to push back against the rigid, mechanical thrusts of the sex machine, although it didn't serve to do all that much.

The shaft by itself certainly wasn't small, and it made Will feel comfortably full, although he found himself craving it deeper. Of course, he was used to taking Hannibal's cock, which was

a formidable specimen in and of itself. Certainly not as big around as the knot on this dildo, though – but the thrill was in the challenge.

“You want to take that big knot, hmm?” Hannibal purred, rubbing Will's ass sensually as he accepted the slow, gradual thrusts of the machine. Will nodded. “Good.” Said Hannibal. “You're going to get knotted like a good bitch, aren't you?”

“Yes.” Will purred. His back arched a little as the sex machine sped up, lube rubbing off from the knot onto his ass. “I want to get knotted and bred like a good little bitch.” He whined, willingly debasing himself.

“Such a good boy.” Said Hannibal. He spread Will's cheeks as the sex machine pushed hard against Will's hole. He felt the pressure, the slight sting of the stretch, and he bit his lip. “Relax that pretty little bitch hole.” Hannibal growled at him. Will tried to relax his hole, stifling his moans by sinking his teeth further into his lip.

The dildo pulled back, then thrust forward again, stretching his entrance even more, the knot very close to slipping inside. Will's back bowed as he thrust back against it, pushing and pushing until eventually the round, bulbous knot passed the thickest point and buried itself inside his hole. Will let out a loud cry as it penetrated him.

“Good boy. Let that stay inside you for a moment.” Said Hannibal. Will's hole twitched weakly around the base of the knot, feeling how huge it was. So fucking big, and his hole was so stretched. It felt amazing.

“Would you like to get bred now?” Hummed Hannibal.

“Yes, please...please breed me, like a bitch.” Will whimpered desperately. Hannibal took the syringe connected to the tube inside the dildo and squeezed the depressor. Fuck, he had put *so much* cum lube in the syringe; it made Will feel so full. The dildo stayed firmly deep in his ass – after all, what was the purpose of that big knot if not to hold all the cum inside?

After a minute or so, Hannibal turned the fuck machine off, and Will let the dildo slip out of his hole. Cum lube dribbled out after it. A good bitch, knotted and bred.

Halloween Special

Chapter Notes

Day 31 is a special spooky-themed ficlet for all you horny little creatures out there! this is a one-shot vampire au with obvious heavy dracula inspiration (you can even tell exactly what scene it draws from lmao) it's way after midnight when i'm posting this but w/e it's always the season for VAMPIRE SECHS
Contains: vampire!Hannibal, Rimming, Anal sex, Blood Kink

A cold autumn night had come to settle over the Lecter estate, having sunk over the grounds slowly and buoyantly like an air-filled sheet rolling back down onto the surface of a mattress. Countless glittering stars studded the frigid sapphire sky, the round white eye of the full moon holding its unblinking vigil over the spires of the stalwart stone building. A slight breeze coursed across the grounds in faint waves, like a slow pulse thrumming through the fabric of the night. Poetry was in the air, unspoken but elegant, a silent tingle which tickled the spine differently than the deepening cold. It made everything feel strangely enchanting, as if the world was wont to morph at the mere prompt of imagination.

Yet, for Will Graham, it did not evoke anything pleasant. His imagination was a dark place on this evening, twisting and morphing even the most innocuous of sights and sounds into omens of something indescribably dreadful. He had sequestered himself in his lonely guest room in a fitful attempt to avoid the clawing shadows which reached their tremulous limbs around every corner to drag him deeper into the dark mire of mystery.

A lone oil lamp struggled to illuminate the space, its small pool of warm light mostly eclipsed by the darkness that surrounded it. Hence, Will had drawn back his curtains to allow some of the moonlight in, in the hopes of staving off the darkness. The window itself remained firmly shut, partially to keep the draft out and partially to block out the sorrowful chorus of wolves which regularly performed outside on the misty mountain slopes. Dogs he had always had a fondness for, but wolves were another thing entirely, and he did not particularly enjoy their somber songs. Their wavering, echoing calls chiming in from many different directions always made him feel...surrounded.

Room bathed in a mixture of cool moonlight and warm lamplight, Will was making his best attempt at shaving. He had only a small hand mirror to guide himself, and it was a blessing that he even had that. It was a good thing he'd brought it with him on this sojourn, as there were no mirrors to be found anywhere on the Lecter estate. He had attempted to ask why that was, only to be met with one of many peculiar deflections from his host.

Count Hannibal Lecter was certainly an odd individual. While much of it could be attributed to a cultural divide or his habit of isolation in the remote Lithuanian highlands, there was still something about Hannibal that Will found...unsettling. Nothing about him was ever quite

right. Not only did he have a wealth of bizarre mannerisms, but his presence was simply haunting in an inexplicable way. His stare especially – those eyes seemed to glow in the darkness, like a cat's, his gaze sharp, cold, and unflinching.

It made Will feel...*strange*, especially when Hannibal looked him up and down while he...licked his lips. It sounded unreal, but Will swore he had seen Hannibal do it more than once. What, did he plan to eat him or something? At this point, Will was starting to get paranoid enough he might have believed it.

“Mister Graham.” A velvety voice suddenly purred from behind him, causing Will to start mid-stroke of the razor. In doing so, the blade nicked his neck, breaking open the thin skin and causing a seam of blood to well up in its wake.

When Will whirled around, Hannibal was standing there, almost right next to him. But how? Will should have been able to see his reflection over his shoulder in the mirror. Will tried to look back towards the mirror but was interrupted by the presence of Hannibal's cold hand on his shoulder.

Hannibal's eyes were fixed on his throat. Will felt fear strike on his heart like flint on steel and his instincts told him to flee - but looking back into Hannibal's eyes, he was all but paralyzed. Hannibal leaned forward, almost close enough for Will to feel his breath, and his nostrils flared with a soft inhalation.

“Did you just...smell me?” Will asked, shocked at what he was certain he had just transpired.

“Difficult to avoid.” Hummed Hannibal. He continued to stare at Will's throat – this time letting his tongue run across his thin lips for a split second before tucking it back into his mouth.

“You should take care how you cut yourself.” Hannibal growled, in a strained voice. “It is more dangerous than you think in this country.” Will shivered. Hannibal's mouth fell open, and Will could see his canines, so peculiarly long and sharp, glittering like twin pearls in the dimly lit room.

Will tried to back away, but he felt frozen, as if his blood were turning to ice in his very veins. Hannibal grasped his wrist with a diabolical strength and leaned in, running his hot, wet tongue over the slowly-seeping cut on Will's throat. Will gasped, and his eyes rolled back in his head, very nearly fainting all at once.

Hannibal lapped at the cut with a primal edacity, a little growl puffing through his teeth. But the cut was light, and even as vascular an area as the neck was, it was not bleeding quite enough for him.

“Hannibal -” Will gasped, barely regaining his senses. He reached up to grab Hannibal's shoulder, trying to pull him off but instead just vainly grabbing a handful of his coat. Hannibal's teeth scraped his neck, gnawing on him vigorously, his sharp canines nearly puncturing skin. “Hannibal!” Will yelped, like a fox caught in a trap, but he still couldn't find the strength to push Hannibal off of him.

Hannibal seemed to hear him that time, letting go of Will's neck and giving a glance up at his face. All the humanity was gone from his eyes and he looked completely feral, like a wild animal. Then he smiled faintly, sharp teeth fully on display, and declared, “You taste so good, Will Graham.”

“H...Hanni...y-you...” Will stammered breathlessly, trembling with either fear or...something else. He stared into Hannibal's almost luminous eyes and found his pupils wide with excitement – perhaps the same sort of unnamed excitement Will could feel stirring inside himself.

“Just relax, my dear William.” Said Hannibal softly. Will felt the other man's hand land on the side of his face and then he was overtaken, all at once, like a little mouse suddenly swooped upon by a silent owl and carried off before it knew anything was amiss.

Hannibal seized his mouth; Will could taste his own coppery blood lingering on the other man's teeth. It was a wet, lewd kiss, the likes of which Will had tasted few times in his life. Perhaps it was pure folly, but he couldn't help but enjoy it. As they kissed, Hannibal's hands began to ruck up his nightshirt, allowing cool night air to race right up his legs.

The sensation caused Will to shudder faintly. As he quivered, Hannibal unlatched himself from Will's mouth and dove for his neck again, nipping his pulse point almost hard enough to draw more blood. It seemed that Hannibal would've liked that, though, as excited as he had gotten licking up Will's blood earlier. Will's pulse lept in his throat, so fragile, so fervent, hovering just below the surface like a fish thrashing in the water.

Attractive prey. Hannibal purred as he kissed down Will's neck, leaving little red blotches that languished for a few seconds before fading back into his skin. He nibbled at the base of his neck, following the curve of his shoulder as he slowly peeled more of Will's nightshirt away from his skin. With every touch, Will was losing more and more of his will to resist, seduced by the vampire's kiss.

Satisfied that he had indeed pacified Will, Hannibal gazed lovingly into the man's half-closed eyes. Will did nothing but groan dreamily and clutch at Hannibal's suit jacket. “Mm, let me show you something.” Hannibal purred into his ear, barely missing scraping it with his teeth. Before Will could so much as open his mouth to speak, Hannibal had gracefully descended to his knees, pushing Will up against the table so he could position himself behind him. His hands slowly glided up Will's muscular legs, rolling his nightshirt up to reveal his plump, round bottom.

Hannibal bit right into it like a ripe, fresh peach. Sharp teeth sank right into the soft flesh and Will cried out in pain and surprise. That didn't deter Hannibal, though, who jawed at his pretty little ass until he very nearly let even more blood flow. When he released, he saw a ring of beautiful teeth marks, like purplish jewels studding his white skin. Hannibal traced the teeth marks with his finger, prodding the sore spots to make Will whimper even more.

Hannibal then gently spread Will's cheeks with his thumbs. What a pretty, delicate little hole he had. Will squirmed a little, unsure of what he was doing, but his breath was suddenly knocked from his chest when he felt Hannibal's tongue brush up against his hole. “Oh – Hannibal, what are you...” Will gasped, faintly grasping at the back of Hannibal's head. His

speech rapidly dissolved into wordless gasps; he couldn't believe Hannibal was actually *licking* him *there*...or that it felt so *good*. Hannibal's tongue prodded his hole, tracing the rim in a few playful little circles. The bitten spot on his ass throbbed as Hannibal gripped it.

Will was helpless to do anything; it was like nothing he had ever felt before, the pleasure dragging on him and causing a boiling feeling to rise in his stomach. He fidgeted restlessly, having no idea what to do with his body as Hannibal continued to lick his entrance. Hannibal was salivating rather heavily and his tongue slathered Will's hole with his spit, causing it to slowly dribble down towards his perineum. Will shivered as Hannibal's tongue pressed hard at his rim, pushing on it until it caved and his tongue slipped inside.

"*Ah*!" Will all but squealed. Hannibal's tongue was *inside* him. It was really thrusting in and out of his hole, opening him up, licking at his insides. He never would've imagined someone doing something like this to him.

"Mm, yes, you like this, don't you?" Crooned Hannibal. With a purr, he kept licking, enjoying the way Will was squirming.

"It...it feels good." Will stammered. His cock was getting hard, tenting the front of his nightshirt and brushing against the table in front of him. Then Hannibal's fingers courted his hole, two of them pressing inside.

"Good." Hannibal murmured sensuously. "Good. You will enjoy this, too, hmm?" Will couldn't tell whether Hannibal was asking him or telling him. Then Hannibal stood up; Will felt a touch of sadness, unhappy that Hannibal wasn't going to be licking him anymore. "Where is your lamp oil, dear?" Hannibal asked him sweetly into his ear.

"Over..." Will stammered, gesticulating vaguely. Hannibal swept off in the direction Will had pointed to, his footsteps almost silent. What did he need lamp oil for...?

Hannibal came back in a moment, with the lamp oil. He stood behind Will again, undoing his trousers and taking out his cock. He seemingly rubbed a bit of the oil on his shaft before lifting up Will's nightshirt again and pushing his cock against Will's hole.

"Ah – Hannibal..." Will warbled. "You're going to...put it in?" He sounded so meek, so shy and coy, like a maiden about to be deflowered.

"You will like it." Said Hannibal. "Trust me, dear."

Trust him. Should Will trust him? He couldn't imagine why he would trust Hannibal. But with no regards to any sort of sense, Will simply whimpered, "Okay."

"Relax, please." Hannibal whispered hypnotically. "You will like it."

Will didn't know what to expect. Hannibal's cock pressed at his opening and he felt a sort of pinching sensation, but he stayed put, bracing himself against the table. He'd never had anything penetrate him like this before; it hurt a little bit. It felt unimaginable that he had let someone do this to him – that he *was* letting someone do this to him, *now*. Hannibal nosed at

the area right behind Will's ear, his breath coming in warm little puffs. His shaft moved inside Will very shallowly, unable to thrust very hard or deeply due to how tight Will was inside.

Hannibal reached down to touch Will's cock, stroking in slow flicks of his wrist. Will just whimpered and moaned, nothing but writhing prey in Hannibal's jaws. He'd never been taken like this before, and here he was, willingly giving himself to a man he didn't even know so well. And, he was *enjoying* it. It hurt, but it felt good. Nerves were firing off inside him that were sending ripples of pleasure all the way through his body, straight from his hole to his cock. He was losing what little sense he had left in the swelling sea of pleasure.

Will reached behind himself to touch the side of Hannibal's face. The man gripped him by his hip as he rutted into him, his hard cock slowly loosening Will's entrance, gliding in and out easier with every thrust. Sinking deeper, and deeper, exploring parts of Will that had never been explored.

“You let men inside you often?” Hissed Hannibal. His tongue reached out to flick the edge of Will's ear. Will shook his head, loose curls starting to stick together with sweat.

“No.” He groaned. “Never.”

“It is an unparalleled pleasure.” Hannibal murmured. “*You* are an unparalleled pleasure, Will.”

Will leaned over the table, and Hannibal followed him, nibbling his nape. Those teeth of his were insatiable, it seemed, always needing to *bite*, to *nip*, to *gnaw*. Meanwhile, Hannibal's cock was pounding in and out of him constantly, incessantly pleasuring some peculiar little sweet spot Will had never known he had. If he'd known it felt this good, he would've let someone do it to him a long time ago. Oh, that was a whorish thought, wasn't it? Just letting himself be *used* like that. Like he was being used right now.

“Hannibal...” Will said in a voice as small and wavering as a candle flame. “Harder. More, please.” Hannibal growled as he obeyed, spurred on by Will's encouragement. Will's back arched, his chin lifted, and he cried out loudly in the throes of pleasure. Hannibal was right – it was unparalleled.

Will was nothing – he was a thread of pure sensation strung between two pleasure spots: one inside and one outside. Every thrust backwards drove Hannibal's cock deeper into him, and every thrust forward shoved his shaft through the cup of Hannibal's hand. The intensity was building and building and Will felt like he was going to simply explode.

He sobbed when he came. Hannibal shushed him, holding him as he pushed Will down over the table. Then he came as well, closing his eyes and savoring his climax like a sip of fine wine. Will was limp in his arms – his pretty little ragdoll, fucked into believing. Hannibal kissed his rosy cheek.

He never wanted it to end. It was the finest form of embrace, holding Will's limp, trembling body while his orgasm slowly ebbed away from him. But alas, it had to, at some point. His cock began to get soft very soon, and slipped out. Will whimpered when it happened, his hole giving a hungry little spasm. So sad to be empty now, wasn't he?

Will felt Hannibal's seed leaking out of him. He had just let this man take him, *defile* him in this way. A good thing nobody would have to know...right? This would remain a secret. At least there was that.

Hannibal kissed Will's neck again. “My, dear – you are a mess.” He murmured. “Do you need a clean set of nightclothes? I can let you borrow some of mine.” Hannibal didn't seem to bother waiting for a response, just brushed his way around Will and across the room. As he did so, he incidentally happened to brush past the mirror Will had discarded on the table, knocking it off the edge. There was a sharp *crack* as it broke on the floor. Will looked down at it drunkenly, diving to try to grab it. Hannibal intercepted him.

“I'll get that.” Hannibal offered immediately. “Don't worry about it. Why don't you go lie down, dear?”

Will was too tired to argue. Hannibal carefully lifted the broken mirror from the floor, amongst several silvery shards. He looked down at it, perhaps admiring his fractured reflection – or lack thereof. The man then lifted his head, smiling with a menacing, sharp-toothed grin.

Then Will felt Hannibal's kiss – not on his lips, but on his neck. The cold autumn night began to slip right into his veins, blurring his memories, dissolving him. Where was he going? It was warm, but dark, and he couldn't see, but he felt safe. Light, buoyant, like misty rolling over the cold Lithuanian highlands.

Silken sheets wound around him, and he awoke, but with dreams still swirling in the mire of his brain. His memories were subdued, clouds passing over them at intermittent times. A broken mirror, a cut on his neck. Kissing, touching, then sinking teeth in. But was it all a dream, or was it real...?

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